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LITERATURE AND

CURRENT EVENTS



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DRAWN BY A. B. WENZEL

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New York January Twenty-seventh 1900

SHALL WE RETAIN THE PHILIPPINES?

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The debate on the future of the Philippines, in the United States Senate, has aroused such widespread interest, and the constitutional questions involved are of such capital importance, that the editor, desirous that the readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY shall receive an impartial presentation of the facts, has invited Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, the leader of the Anti-Imperialistic movement, to contribute an article expounding the principles on which the opposition to the annexation of the Philippines by the United States is based. Mr. Hoar's article will be followed by another, equally representative, from the pen of a well-known statesman and supporter of the administration.

NOTWITHSTANDING the indignation expressed all over Germany at the seizure of the steamer *Bundesrath*, there is, as yet, no sign that Kaiser William II. is willing to take part in a Continental coalition against England. It is now an open secret that, last October, Count Maraveff, the Russian Foreign Minister, endeavored to organize a concert of Europe for the purpose of removing the South African question from Great Britain's exclusive control. The project then was a fiasco, mainly because it failed to secure any countenance from Emperor William. It is certain, nevertheless, that, if the German Kaiser would lift a finger, such a coalition would be formed, for, in every European State, except Italy, public sentiment is arrayed vehemently against England. Evidently, a Continental coalition would never have a better chance to break up the British Empire, to cut off the food supply of the United Kingdom, or even to invade England itself, than it has to-day. If Emperor William does not sanction the experiment, notwithstanding an infringement of his neutral rights to which he may justly object, it will be

because of a conviction that he has more to gain just now by treating England as a friend than he would have by combining with her enemies.

THE ORIGINAL pretext for the seizure of the German mail steamer *Bundesrath* was that, among her passengers were a number of persons who intended to enter the military service of the Transvaal. The analogy of the case to our seizure of the British mail steamer *Trent* during our Civil War will be at once apparent. We stopped that steamer and took from her Messrs. Mason and Sidell on the ground that they were notoriously Commissioners of the Southern Confederacy, proceeding to Europe for the avowed purpose of persuading France and England to lend material support to the effort to disrupt the Union. England then declared that free ships made free passengers, despatched troops to Canada, ordered a fleet to be in readiness to cross the Atlantic, and, by these threats of imminent war, forced us to accept the principle which she peremptorily laid down. If that principle was good then, it ought to be good now, and passengers on board of a neutral German ship bound for the neutral Portuguese port of Lorenzo Marquez ought to be exempt from capture. That is the ground now taken by the Berlin Government, and, apparently, Lord Salisbury does not see how he can dispute it, for he has delayed making a reply to the German remonstrance until the cargo of the *Bundesrath* could be thoroughly searched at Durlan in the hope of discovering in it some articles contraband of war. There is no doubt that the United States and Germany between them should be able to teach England at this juncture that there is such a thing as international law, and that she cannot be permitted to play fast and loose with its regulations.

AT THE HOUR when we write, the arrival of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener at Cape Town has, in no wise, changed the military situation in Natal and the northern section of the Cape Colony. The British forces, respectively commanded by General Buller, General Gatacre, General French and General Methuen are still unable to effect any considerable advance in the teeth of their Boer antagonists, and Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking still remain unrelieved. No one seems, as yet, to know whether the large reinforcements which are expected at Cape Town within the course of a few weeks will be distributed among the Generals already at the front, or whether General Kitchener will organize a new and strong column for the purpose of carrying out the plan originally formed by General Buller, and of marching straight upon Bloemfontein and Pretoria along the route which General Gatacre has thus far tried in vain to follow. There is no doubt that such a movement, if vigorously made, would compel the Orange Free State and the Transvaal to detach for the defence of their capitals considerable fractions of the levies now confronting General Buller and General Methuen. It is improbable, indeed, that any stand would be made at Bloemfontein, but, according to military experts, Pretoria is very strongly fortified, and could not be taken without siege guns of great calibre. It is to be remembered that neither Roberts nor Kitchener has been ever pitted against white troops, and the effect of such a test upon their reputations is awaited with curiosity.

IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE that, before these lines meet the reader's eye, such decisive victories may have been gained by the British Generals in the field as will change not only the military situation in South Africa, but also the political situation in England. In that event, Lord Salisbury's Cabinet may remain unbroken, notwithstanding the disposition evinced in the London press and among many of the Prime Minister's supporters in the House of Commons to find a scapegoat for the reverses thus far encountered by the British arms. If, on the other hand, no important successes should be achieved before the date when Parliament shall have ceased deliberations, we may expect to witness some changes in the British Ministry. It is almost certain that, under such circumstances, the present War Minister, Lord Lansdowne, will have to go, and it would not be surprising if Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, should have to follow him, for, at the short session of Parliament held immediately after the outbreak of the war, the latter statesman calculated that the cost of the contest would not exceed £10,000,000, while it is already known that £30,000,000 will not cover the outlay requisite up to January 30. Should the war be prolonged for many months, the cost to England will exceed £60,000,000, and may reach £100,000,000. It will be hard for Mr. Joseph Chamberlain to persuade the British taxpayer that the conquest of two puny commonwealths, the Boer population of both of which is not half as large as the population of Glasgow, is worth the disbursement of a sum so exorbitant.

THE LAST two weeks have constituted a period of suspense, so far as military operations in South Africa are concerned, and public attention in the United States and on the Continent of Europe has been concentrated upon England's infringements of the rights of neutrals. Her two most flagrant acts were the seizure of American flour on board the Dutch neutral vessel *Maria*, bound from a neutral Ameri-

can port to the neutral Portuguese port of Lorenzo Marquez, and the seizure of the German mail and passenger steamer *Bundesrath*. It is satisfactory to know that, in reply to the protest of our State Department, the British Government has agreed to release the flour seized on the Dutch vessel *Maria*, and to indemnify the owners for the damage caused by the seizure. It is also announced that the British Government has agreed that, hereafter, it will not treat flour as contraband of war unless it is destined for consumption by an enemy's armed force. The statement, however, is not so explicit as might be wished. Who is to be the judge as to the destination of the flour? Shall the commanders of British warships be suffered to go beyond the manifests of vessels conveying flour, and shall they, either through a search of the cargo or on other grounds of suspicion that to them may seem sufficient, be permitted to seize vessels and their cargoes and turn them over to provincial prize courts, wherein proceedings may be costly and protracted, and from which an appeal lies to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council? If a British commander can go beyond the manifest of a neutral vessel, he can, practically, put a stop to our export of breadstuffs, which, we scarcely need to say, would deal a deadly blow to our prosperity. Then, again, the statement of England's intention, as made by our State Department, does not tell us how far England means to go in refraining from treating breadstuffs as contraband of war. Is her forbearance limited to breadstuffs carried on neutral vessels from one neutral port to another, or is the immunity extended to breadstuffs carried on neutral vessels to an enemy's port, when such port is not actually blockaded? Then, again, suppose breadstuffs belonging to a neutral are on board of an enemy's vessel bound to an enemy's port. According to the latest and best construction of international law, the enemy's vessel may be captured, but the neutral breadstuffs are immune from seizure. The precise text of Lord Salisbury's answer to Mr. Choate ought to be published, and we ought to seize the present occasion to exact from England a minute definition of her position with regard to neutral breadstuffs under all possible circumstances.

THE CENSUS IN CUBA

THIS IS IMPORTANT news that comes to us from Mr. O. H. Olmstead, the assistant director of the census recently taken in Cuba. He says that the outcome of the work done by the 1,550 enumerators is that the present population of Cuba is about 1,200,000. Let us compare these figures with those furnished for the three previous censuses. The census of 1867, taken a twelvemonth before the outbreak of the Ten Years' War, and before the gradual emancipation of the slaves began, showed a total of 1,370,211, to which the people of color contributed 605,461, or nearly 45 per cent. In 1877, although nine years of civil war had intervened, the total population had grown to 1,509,291, the contribution of the blacks then being only 480,166, or about 33 per cent. In 1887, when the last regular census was taken under Spanish auspices, the aggregate population was 1,631,687, the quota furnished by the blacks being 484,987, or 30.54 per cent. Had the inhabitants of Cuba increased since the date last mentioned at the rate observed during the Ten Years' War, they would now number about 1,750,000. As they actually number only 1,200,000, it follows that Weyler's reconcentrado system cost 550,000 lives. Admitting that the blacks suffered less from Weyler's policy than did the whites, it is still evident that the former must constitute less than one-half of Cuba's population. There is no ground, therefore, for revising the opinion expressed by us last week that Cuba has no cause to dread the fate of Hayti, and that, consequently, there is no serious objection to adopting universal suffrage as the electoral basis of the convention which is to frame a constitution for the island. There are two conclusive reasons why we should refrain from imposing any restrictions on the Cuban franchise, which, practically and obviously, would operate to deprive the colored people of the right to vote. The first reason is that our own Constitution, as amended after the Civil War, forbids us to withhold political rights from any citizen on the score of race, color or previous condition of servitude. We are bound to treat the colored population of Cuba as well as our Federal Constitution treats people of color in the United States. The fact that certain Southern States have endeavored, by imposing educational or property qualifications, to evade a Constitutional amendment, will not justify the Federal Government in practicing the same evasion at the cost of the Cuban blacks. The second reason is that at the root of the autonomist system which the Madrid Government conceded to Cuba some months before the outbreak of the war between the United States and Spain was the principle of universal suffrage. If we treat the colored inhabitants of Cuba worse than the Spaniards treated them, we shall justify them in rebelling against the independent government which we have pledged ourselves to establish in the island. It is impossible to exaggerate the gravity of this question. If we mean honestly by Cuba, we shall make universal suffrage the basis of its provisional electoral system. If we mean dishonestly, and desire to provoke an insurrection which will give us a pretext for annexation, we shall impose educational or property qualifications for the franchise, which will, practically, deprive the colored people of political rights.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

MODDER RIVER, WEST GRICQUALAND, DEC. 6

WE WHO ARE with Lord Methuen's enormous flying column have fought three terrible battles in seven days—one being as severe as any modern engagement, another Gravelotte in all but its fatalities. I have had no chance to write you since the morning of November 23, when our great force crept, on tiptoe, as it were, at three o'clock in a pale moonlight, from our short sleep at Belmont farm upon the Boers in their stony hills. Each hill was a heap of boulders, and it was almost as if every boulder hid a Boer. This was mainly an infantry engagement. With a valor which men of but few nationalities ever approach, the English crept up to the foot of the hills and then stormed them with a rush—a climbing, almost perpendicular attack upon a thickly concentrated invisible enemy which could see every man of us with deadly distinctness. I can see that battle all over again; the British skirting the nearer empty hills, with only whispers among the men, all halting and dropping on their knees at every few paces—a stealthy force creeping on its prey. I see the first purple flush of daybreak in the East. It reveals our men spread out in lines two miles long, line behind line, each man five paces from his nearest comrade. As they stalk forward, rifles ready, stock held with one hand and barrel with the other, they look like sportsmen flushing birds. Suddenly a line of flame bursts out on the crest of the largest hill. We are discovered, and the Boers are attacking us. We rush them, and with bullet and bayonet slay all who withstand the shock—but these are few; the majority have followed Boer tactics and are running down the further sides of their strongholds to mount their horses and enter their light carts and flee. Having done us what harm they can, they avoid what we might do to them and "live to fight another day." Had we possessed more cavalry and had our horses been



OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT INSPECTING THE CAMP AFTER THE BATTLE OF MODDER RIVER

But the most impressive thing was what I learned when I climbed their kopjes as the British had done and realized that the storming party had to pick its way almost straight up in air against the sheets of lead which the Boers in concealment above were able to belch down upon them. Added to the terrors of the conflict were the use by the Boers of dum-dum and explosive bullets and the misuse of the flag of truce. Twice they displayed this flag merely to induce our men to break cover that they might be shot, and twelve of our men—including my companion, Mr. E. F. Knight, the celebrated correspondent—were killed or wounded with dum-dums.

At a place variously called Royslaagte, Enselin and Grasspan the Boers halted again at a chain of hills which they reckoned their third best position. Modder River they considered impregnable, Belmont nearly so, and Grasspan third in strength. At Grasspan, about nine miles from Belmont, our infantry—notably the Yorkshires, Northamptonshires and the Naval Brigade (who lost most heavily)—again stormed the hills under excessively furious fire, but the effective fighting and the victory must be credited to the British artillery. Here a

BY JULIAN RALPH,
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF
COLLIER'S WEEKLY WITH THE
BRITISH ARMY. PHOTOGRAPHS
BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

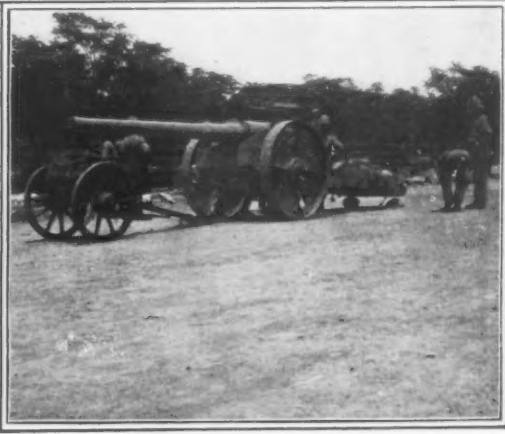
Boer has shown himself a born and instinctive soldier. As such he chooses his positions, as such he fortifies them, as such he deals damage and avoids the taking of it himself, and as such he usually plans, executes and covers his retreats. Here at Modder River he laid out his trenches with the foliage of the river for a background, and to blend with these he fringed his trenches with tree-twigs. Over the sloping ground before him he could sweep his eye and his rifle-fire with terrible effect. Behind him, across the narrow river, he set his batteries and his sharpshooters. Against this superb position we marched our infantry until, met by a combing fire, the British troops lay down and dealt out volley for volley during eight and a half hours. Half the force on the right of the line could not and did not advance all day. Lord Methuen, seeing that heroism alone could break the deadlock, encouraged the Guardsmen in an effort to ford the stream on the right. It was not possible. Some Guardsmen did cross near by, but nearly lost two men by drowning and all returned. Lord Methuen then went over to the left—the position of the Ninth Brigade—and, choosing a captain of the Yorkshire Light Infantry, with a few of his men tried again and found the point impassable. Other Yorkshire men and men of the Argyll and Sutherlandshire battalion, under Colonel Barter, succeeded, however, just at a moment when a battery of ours appeared behind them, at sight of which the Boers, who could have riddled the fording party, took flight. To save themselves from the fire of their own people the fording party raised a British cheer, which the Boers interpreted to mean that we had won the fight. We had done so, for they retired; but a walk over the battleground next day showed that most fearful damage had been wreaked upon them by our shells. Wherever they were placed the earth is closely scarred with shell wounds. They sunk their dead in the river,



SHELLED HOUSE NEAR MODDER RIVER



COLONEL C. ST. LEGER BARTER



THE 4.7 LYDDITE GUN USED BY THE BRITISH

natives like those of the enemy, their favorite tactics would not have succeeded.

I went over the whole battleground later in the day and saw how the enemy fought us—saw that each man knelt in his own little fort of boulders built breast-high along the edge of each hill summit, and that behind these, higher above them, were inner bastions of rocks with which these men had walled themselves around. They had been awaiting us for weeks, and, apparently, the men of humbler station had been obliged to live in their rocky nests. Teapots, unleavened bread, jerked beef and tins of prepared food were lying about, together with the sacks in which those things had been brought, and the overcoats with which they kept off the chill of the nights when they slept. The dead whom I saw in these tiny fortresses were nearly all of this farmhand and laborer class; left there by the farmers, traders and men of better station, who rode away on their horses and in their wagons when disaster was foreseen. These gentlemen-Boers come to battle on a poor horse which they are willing to lose, and send ahead, or lead with them, a first-class horse on which to make their escape.

Transvaal commando and a battery from that republic joined the Free Staters, whom we had beaten at Belmont. The Transvaal gun was very cleverly handled by a gunner whom we captured at Modder River and who was very vain of his skill. He engaged a Royal artillery battery at one time and the naval guns at another, keeping his gun wholly concealed behind some rising ground. We silenced all the Boer guns but his, and that we drove off the field at a moment when most of the Boers, having suffered severely by our shelling, were fleeing down the far side of the hills. In one place alone our shells and shot killed sixty of their best horses. A worse task than the British infantry met in storming these hills at Grasspan is not easy to imagine. I have heard it soberly said by Indian campaigners that Dargal was not a more dangerous and difficult hill to sweep.

Again our few and spent horses allowed the freshly mounted Boers to get away—this time to take up the position at Modder River from which they boasted that they could never be driven. If you fancy the veldt or plain an inclined field, like a theatre stage, with the Boers intrenched at the upper end, you can see the historic field with your mind's eye. In each place the

buried them in the sand and rode off with others. Their hospitals were crowded by 320 wounded; we took 90 prisoners, and we believe they suffered from considerable desertion. By one means and another they were 600 men poorer, at least, than when they opened fire on us on the morning of November 28. In all ways we were but 400 poorer, and our killed numbered less than 80.

This was a terrific battle. Every man on the field, combatant, correspondent, ambulance helper or doctor, was in frequent and excessive danger. The rifle duel lasted more than eight hours. Our men fired from 100 to 150 rounds. The 11,000 Boers fired more. Our three batteries fired 2,500 rounds, and the naval guns discharged 500 rounds. Three generals, Kronje, Delaroy and Prinsloo, commanded them. They did not abuse the white flag in this fight, but I saw them fire at our ambulance wagons three times and at our stretcher bearers even more frequently. They also carried off their one-pounder Maxim gun in one of their own ambulances; but these are characteristic acts. At Grasspan they put armed men in an ambulance wagon and sent them out to fire on our wounded in our wagons.



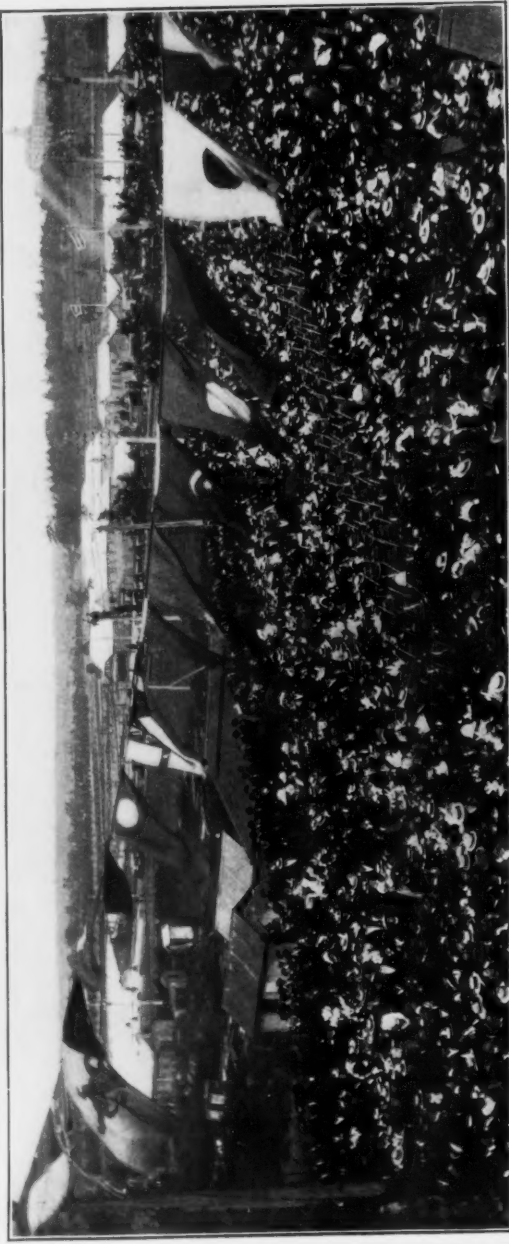
PONTON BRIDGE AT MODDER RIVER



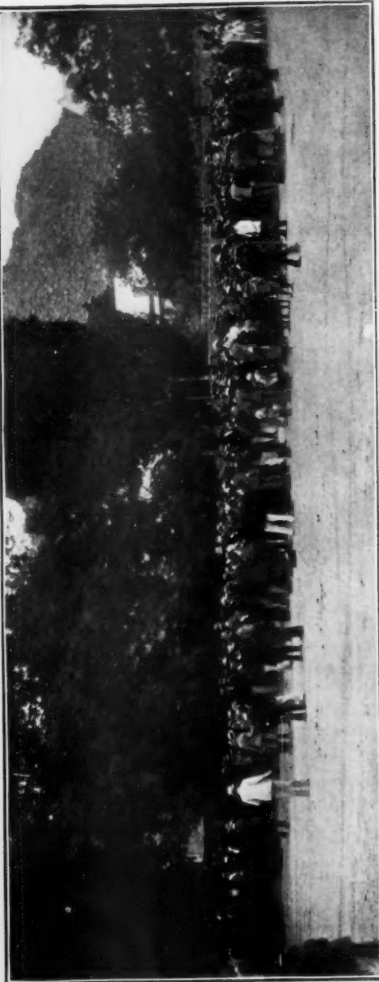
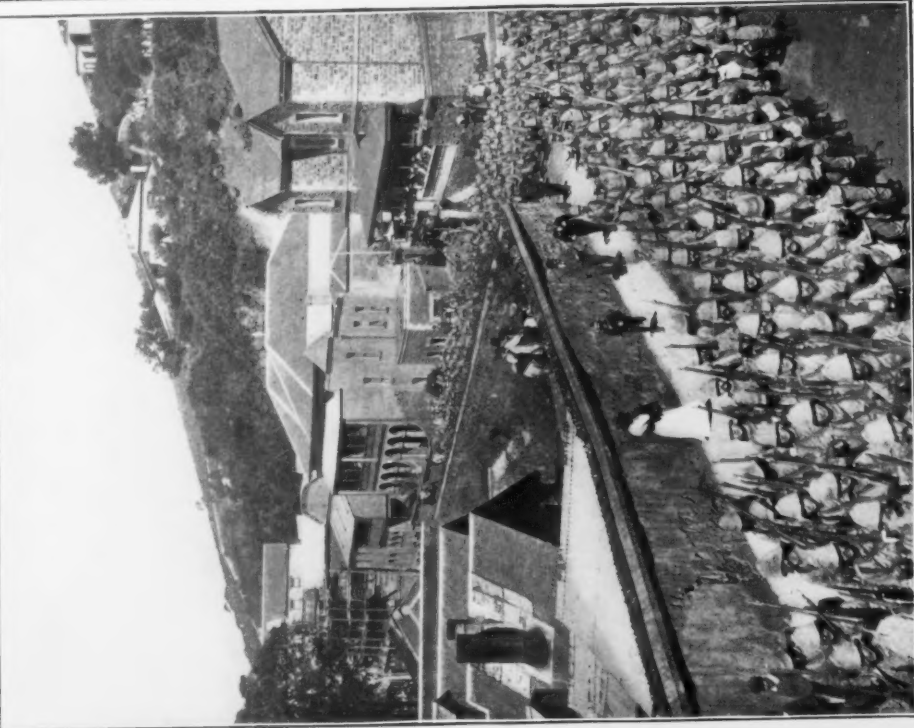
FORD CROSSED BY COL. BARTER'S MEN



SOLDIERS BATHING AFTER THE BATTLE



THE ARRIVAL OF THE AUSTRALIAN TROOPS AT CAPE TOWN
THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT PARADING IN MELBOURNE
THE CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS ENTERING CAPE TOWN

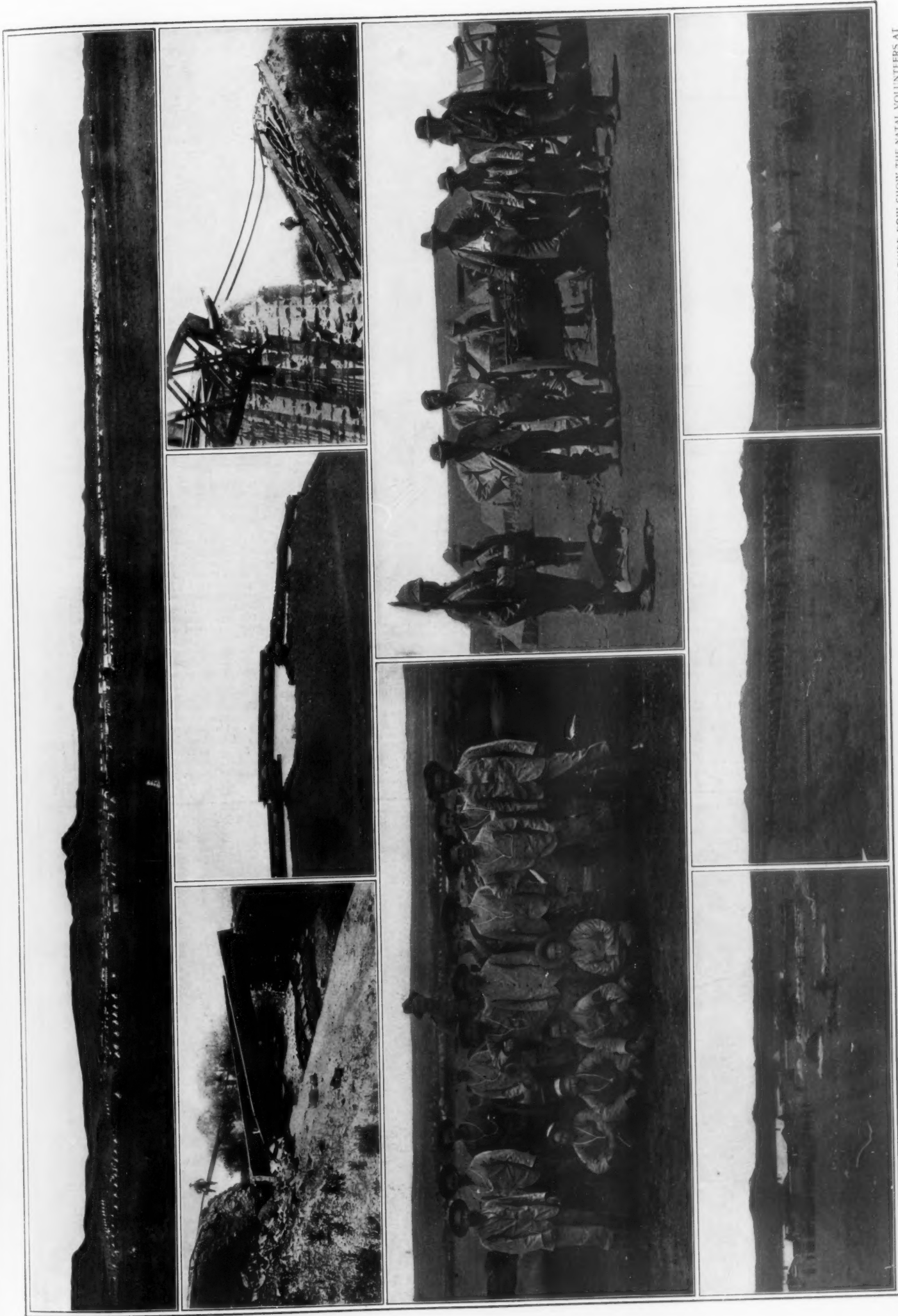


THE NAVAL BRIGADE LEAVING SIMONSTOWN FOR THE FRONT
SCENE IN COLESBURG AFTER THE BOER OCCUPATION AND PROCLAMATION

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

THE ARRIVAL OF THE AUSTRALIAN TROOPS AT CAPE TOWN
THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT PARADING IN MELBOURNE
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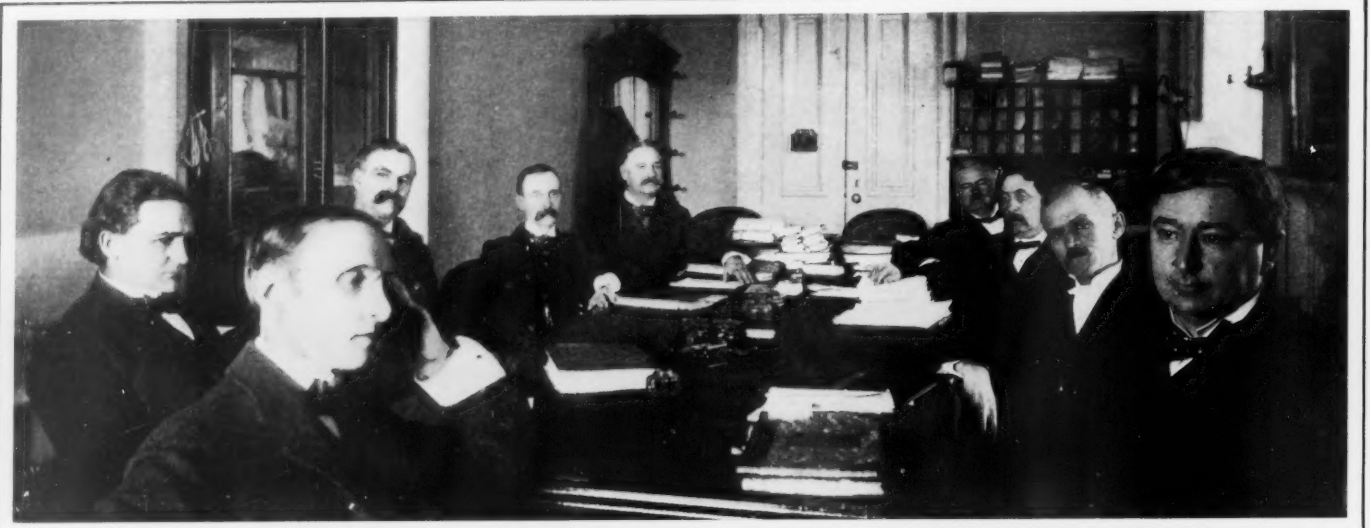
THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA



THE TOP PHOTOGRAPH IS A PANORAMA OF GENERAL FRENCH'S CAMP AT NAAUPOORT. BELOW THE CAMP ARE SHOWN DESTROYED BRIDGES OVER THE ORANGE RIVER. THE TWO PICTURES IN THE THIRD ROW SHOW THE NATAL VOLUNTEERS AT LADYSMITH AND BOER PRISONERS UNDER GUARD AT NAAUPOORT CAMP. THE THREE PHOTOGRAPHS ON THE BOTTOM SHOW GENERAL FRENCH'S ARMY PREPARING TO REPEL A BOER ATTACK ON THE CAMP.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MELVILLE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Rep. Morris,
Maine.Rep. Taylor, Chairman,
Ohio.Rep. Littlefield,
Maine.Rep. De Armond,
Missouri.Rep. Miers,
Indiana.Rep. Lanham,
Texas.Rep. McPherson,
Iowa.Rep. Freer,
W. Va.Rep. Landis,
Indiana.

THE ROBERTS INVESTIGATION COMMITTEE IN SESSION AT WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON LETTER

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

MANY prominent citizens of Montana have come to Washington to witness developments in the Clark Bribery case.

Naturally the supporters of Senator Clark declare he is entirely innocent of the charges under investigation. "The prosecution," said former Senator Faulkner, leading counsel for the Montana Senator, "was conceived in the womb of personal malice, rocked in the cradle of personal hate, and nourished upon corruption and jealousy." And the man who is alleged to be responsible for Senator Clark's present trouble is Marcus Daly, also a millionaire, and the owner of the great Anaconda mine, whose enmity toward the Montana Senator is said to have been vengefully pursuing him ever since 1888.

Apparently Senator Clark is confident of vindication. He is present at every meeting of the committee, sometimes assisting his counsel in the cross examination of witnesses. Former Senator Edmunds and Representative A. J. Campbell, the only member of the Lower House from Montana, are the leading counsel opposing Mr. Clark. Judge Bickford, who is charged by witnesses for the prosecution with having offered money to members of the Legislature in behalf of Mr. Clark's candidacy, is associated with Mr. Faulkner. Judge Bickford says that the Senator has many surprises in store for the prosecution; that witnesses have been brought to Washington who will be able to show conclusively the unreliability of the testimony thus far adduced, and whose evidence will clear the Senator of the charges pending against him. Yet the prosecution has

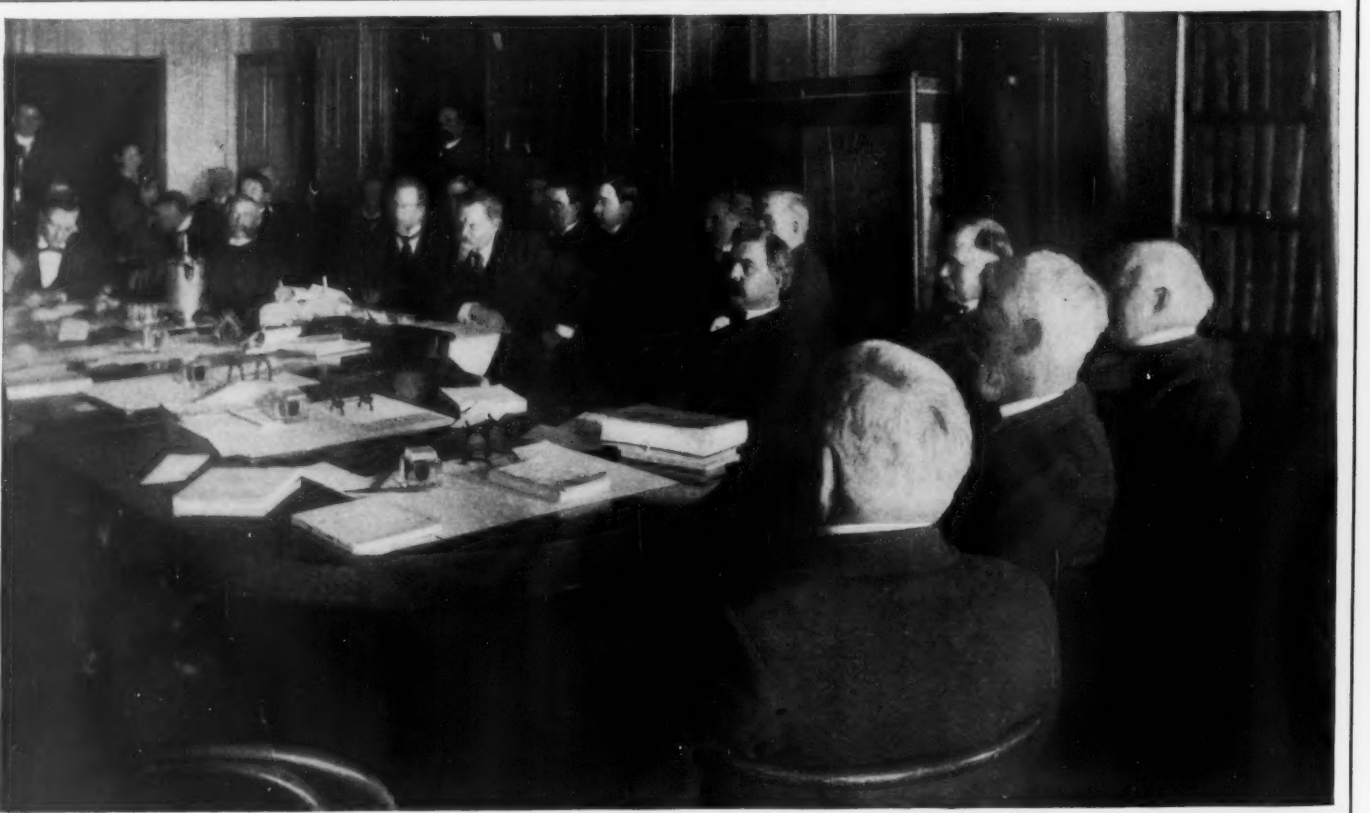
not ended the submission of its evidence, and the memorialists assert that it will be so overwhelmingly in support of the charges that the committee will find it necessary to submit a unanimous report against Mr. Clark. So far as it has been possible, each side has equipped itself with information and witnesses to discredit the character of persons who may be called to testify. And from the mass of crimination and re-crimination the committee is patiently endeavoring to sift the truth, having apparently come to the conclusion that the politics of Montana should meet with no approval from any of its members, be he either Republican or Democrat.

The disposition of Brigham H. Roberts has proved more difficult than had been originally expected. Anxious to submit a unanimous report, the Taylor committee for several weeks endeavored to harmonize the opinions of the several members. It has been united from the outset on the one point that Roberts should not be allowed a seat in the House; but the question as to whether he should be excluded or expelled has been the armor-plate upon which the shell of unanimity has smashed. The Democrats favored the administration of the oath and then expulsion; all the Republican members, with the exception of Representative Littlefield of Maine, desired exclusion; and Mr. Littlefield, holding that Roberts is legally a member of the House, recommended that the House refuse to permit the man from Utah to take the oath and expel him. The Gentiles of Utah, who have industriously labored against the admission of Roberts, have urged the committee to exclude him, declaring that the moral effect

of exclusion will be so much greater than expulsion. Mr. Roberts naturally expresses no preference with respect to either expulsion or exclusion, but is vainly hoping that what he terms his rights will be respected, and that he will be admitted to the seat to which he was legally elected.

It seems to be pretty generally conceded, though an official announcement to this effect has not and will not be made, that former Secretary of the Interior Cornelius N. Bliss of New York will be the Vice-Presidential candidate. Mr. Bliss's resignation of his Cabinet portfolio is said to have been due to the effect of the climatic conditions of Washington upon the health of one of the members of his family; but apparently the Vice-Presidency will act as an antidote. It is known that Secretary Root is earnestly in favor of Mr. Bliss's candidacy, and, in fact, was one of the first to suggest his name to the President. The Democrats have apparently not yet been able to determine who will be Mr. Bryan's running mate. None of the Democratic leaders in Congress know Mr. Bryan's wishes in this connection; but Representative Sulzer of New York feels that he has in him the stuff which Vice-Presidents should possess. Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, as a war hero, has been given consideration, and George Fred Williams of Massachusetts would like his name considered. Mr. Bryan probably wants a man of large wealth and some influence—perhaps Oliver H. P. Belmont of New York—and it is expected that he will announce the name of the Democrat selected after the meeting of the Democratic committee next month.

C. O'LE.



Rep. Campbell.

Counsel Faulkner.

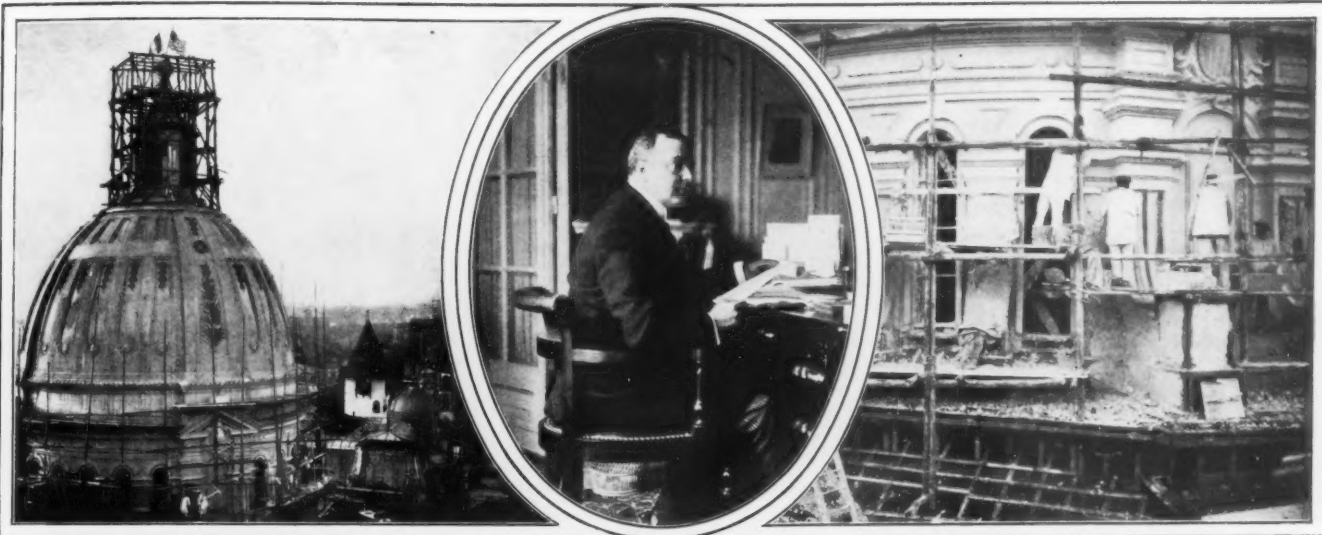
Senator McComas. Senator Pritchard.

Senator Chandler.

Senator Hoar.

THE CLARK BRIBERY INVESTIGATION COMMITTEE IN SESSION AT WASHINGTON. MR. FAULKNER EXAMINING A WITNESS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF



DOMES OF THE AMERICAN BUILDING,
QUAI D'ORSAY

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER-GENERAL
B. D. WOODWARD IN HIS OFFICE

WORKING ON THE CUPOLA OF THE
U. S. PAVILION

THE PARIS EXPOSITION

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

DAY AFTER DAY the scaffoldings are disappearing from the structures along the Seine, on the Esplanade des Invalides and on the Champ de Mars, and palaces innumerable, beautiful and varied in style, are being disclosed to view. As to picturesqueness of ensemble, of course, no Exposition here can compare to the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, for the necessary space and the expanse of water are lacking; but for artistic quality and for the variety of its features the Exposition of 1900 will unquestionably surpass everything that has gone before.

The United States section, I am glad to say, is getting along swimmingly. There are already four American buildings above ground; viz., the handsome pavilion on the Quai d'Orsay, which towers above most of its neighbors like a giant among pygmies; the Industrial Arts Annex on the Esplanade des Invalides; the Signal Service and Weather Bureau, just by the Pont de Jena; and the Agricultural Building on the Avenue Suffren. The photographs accompanying this article afford the reader an idea of the progress made on all these constructions.

The next American building to go up will be the Palace of Machinery at Vincennes, for which the foundations are already laid. The structural ironwork for this arrived a few days ago at Havre on board the U. S. transport *Prairie*, which also brought a number of skilled American mechanics who will begin operations in a few days and show their French

brethren with what preciseness and despatch this class of work is done on the other side of the pond. The arrival of the *Prairie* at Havre was marked by a pleasing social event that has given rise to much favorable comment on the part of the French press. Assistant Commissioner-General B. D. Woodward entertained Commander R. S. Mackenzie and the officers of the *Prairie* at a banquet at Frascati's, which was attended by numerous local notabilities, including the prefect of the department of La Seine Inférieure.

While Boer and Briton are doing their utmost to shorten each other's lives by all the artifices known to modern science, an eminent scientific plodder is endeavoring to discover the secret of prolonging human life beyond the limits ordinarily set by nature. Professor Mechnikoff of the Pasteur Institute, to use his own words, believes that "old age comes to us without our feeling a desire to be old—we have no appetite for that. We desire to eat and we eat; we are thirsty and we drink. Eating and drinking, then, are normal, being preceded by a desire to satisfy those longings. Old age, on the contrary, comes without that desire and is abnormal. We have no instinctive desire for death."

The professor then goes on to argue that inasmuch as the harmony of the multitudinous cells of which our body is composed is disturbed at a certain moment by the enfeebling of a portion of them, and that the healthy parts become a prey to the unhealthy ones, thus bringing on general dissolution, it would only be necessary to discover the proper serum with

which to treat the latter in order to prolong human life almost indefinitely. However, the professor, who passes his time at present experimenting on rabbits and guinea-pigs, does not really claim to have fully succeeded in solving the problem, as some newspapers have said. The day I called on him at his laboratory at the Pasteur Institute I found him bending over his work-table oblivious of the presence in the room of half a dozen reporters and journalistic photographers. He went on with his work most demurely, placing pieces of flesh extracted from the bodies of various living animals under the lens of his microscope without consenting to more fully express his views as to the possibilities of his scientific investigations.

For a day or two Professor Mechnikoff was, notwithstanding, the most-talked-of man in Paris. And no wonder. His discovery was an opportunity not to be missed by the newspaper squib writer, the comic picture fender, the *cabaret artistique* chansonnier and the *café chantant* singer. And so they all rang the changes on the treatment that would prolong the life of our rich uncle, our kind mother-in-law, our concierge, etc., etc., etc. Right on the top of all this comes the news that a Paris druggist, M. Broca, has discovered a specific against drunkenness in the form of a serum composed of the blood of an alcoholic horse! Imagine the joy of the aforesaid chansonniers and comic picture fiends. It is a perfect revelry in jokes, squibs, puns and double entendres. *Vive la gaieté!*

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE STREET OF NATIONS, THE PONT DES INVALIDES AND THE PAVILION OF THE CITY OF PARIS (TO THE RIGHT)



CAPTAIN LAWTON—1886

LAWTON'S CAPTURE OF GERONIMO

BY
CAPTAIN R. G. CARTER, U.S.A.



THE APACHE CHIEF, GERONIMO

WHEN GENERAL MILES assumed command of the Department of Arizona on April 12, 1886, his attention was called to the hostile members of the Chiricahua band of Apaches whose depredations and fiendish atrocities had created a feeling of insecurity through scattered settlements along the borders. Many of the industrial interests—mining, agricultural and pastoral—had been abandoned, and the troops were discouraged by their long and futile chase after these elusive savages.

During that year the Indians had killed one hundred and forty citizens, and the impression prevailed that the natural obstacles were too great to hope for the subjugation of this iron race of native mountaineers. Two difficult features of the problem were the comparatively small number of the hostiles, and the fact that they roamed over the most rugged mountain region on the continent, embracing an area of six hundred miles north and south and four hundred miles east and west. In physical excellence and as hardy mountain climbers these Indians had no superiors. Their means of transportation consisted of such horses, mules and burros as they were able to steal, and these animals, when forced as far as they could carry their riders, were converted into meat rations. The Indians subsisted by preying upon herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and by gathering their natural food of field-mice, rabbits, seeds of various kinds, desert fruits, the ingredients of mescal and the fruit of the giant cactus found amid the higher ranges. The small number of the hostiles necessitated the dispersion of the command over a wide area of country to give confidence and protection to settlements and to mining prospectors. The troops must be so placed as to be free to act against frequent invading bands.

The Chiricahuas were under the celebrated chiefs Geronimo and Natchez, son of Cochise, the hereditary chief of this warlike band. Under the terms of a recent treaty with Mexico, our troops were allowed to follow the trail of Indians south of the Mexican border. The Mexican government, being at that time embarrassed by a war with the Yaquis, a powerful race of Indians living in Southern Sonora, had withdrawn nearly all its troops from the border, leaving the people of that district in an almost defenceless condition.

General Miles so disposed his troops as to afford the best protection to the citizens of Arizona, and also organized an effective force to pursue marauding bands in old Mexico. For the command of this special column he selected Captain Henry Ware Lawton of the Fourth U. S. Cavalry, an officer whose record during the war and subsequently had been most brilliant, and whose splendid physique, character and high attainments as an efficient commander of men peculiarly fitted him for this task—one of the most difficult and desperate undertakings to which any officer of our little army had been or could be assigned. His principal recommendation was his firm belief that this hardy, well-developed race of Indians, fighting in a country in which they had been born, which they believed to be their own, and where every element was in their favor, could be pursued, outmaneuvered, worn down and subjugated in their native wilds. This belief he stated to General Miles.

Under the instructions of the department commander, the command was to confine its operations to the Apaches while they were south of the international boundary line and in their stronghold, the Sierra Madre. In a conversation with General Miles he was asked how he would operate against these Indians. Lawton freely said that he desired to be unhampered and to have all commands operating in conjunction with him in the field under his direction. Verbal instructions were given to this effect. His command was composed of picked cavalry and infantry, scouts, guides and packers, with a pack-train capable of carrying two months' rations, and the necessary ammunition and medical supplies.

Contrary to expectations, the Indians did not return direct to their stronghold after their pretended surrender to General Crook and their subsequent escape. They opened the campaign by making desperate raids through Southern Arizona and Northern Sonora, extending from near the Mexican border to one hundred and fifty miles south. On entering Arizona, they were first met by Captain Lebo, Tenth Cavalry, who followed them out of the Territory and fought them in the Pinto Mountains about May 3. Lawton's command, organized May 4 and supplied with sixty days' rations, marched from Fort Huachuca May 5, so as to follow up the trail of the Apaches near Lebo's battleground.

The Apaches were followed through the Santa Rita, Whetstone, Rincon and Santa Catalina mountains. In the latter they were attacked, and a boy who had been recently captured by them was rescued. They were then pushed southward until at length they crossed the boundary line for the second time into Sonora, whose topography they knew well.

Mounted troops were no longer available in so rough a country. Captain Lawton, with a fresh command, assumed the arduous and almost impossible task of pursuing the Apaches persistently through the broken country of Sonora for nearly three months. He followed them from one range of mountains to another, over peaks which were ten or twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, and frequently in the depths of cañons where the heat in July was of tropical intensity. Because of this heat the men could not bear their hands on the metal parts of their rifles, nor on the rocks.

So injured had the Apaches become to the thin, dry air that in passing from one to another of these almost parallel ranges their movements were almost as rapid as the native Rocky Mountain sheep, and their disappearance from the peaks was as magical. As the men climbed upward the great exertion in this rarefied atmosphere caused them to fall backward exhausted and bleeding at the lungs, while the cruel, jagged rocks tore their clothing and rasped their flimsy boots into shreds.

A portion of the command were without rations for five days, the longest continuous period being three days. They

many depredations in the State of Sonora, and moved rapidly northward by a march of nearly three hundred miles to the vicinity of Fronteras. About the latter part of July, the Apaches were again committing depredations near Tecolote in the Mazatan Mountains. Heavy rains having set in, the trail was again obliterated, and one of the scouts was sent on a long and hazardous ride to find and follow its course, while others were sent in all directions to search the country for signs.

During this time Lieutenant Gatewood, Sixth Cavalry, with two Chiricahua Indians, who had been charged with a commission to enter the Indian camp and demand their surrender, joined Lawton. On August 13 Lawton received information that the Apaches were moving toward the Terras Mountains. He marched immediately to head them off. By making forced marches he arrived near Fronteras on the 20th, and, learning that the Indians had expressed to the Mexicans a desire to surrender, Lieutenant Gatewood went forward at once with his friendly Chiricahuas to communicate with them, but found the Mexican authorities already trying to negotiate terms. Gatewood, however, sent his Indians forward, and soon learned that the Indians had moved their camp.

This fact he communicated to Lawton. On the evening of the 24th Lawton came up with Gatewood, and found him in communication with the fugitives; but on his return from their camp he reported that they declined to make an unconditional surrender, and wished him to bear certain messages to General Miles. Lawton persuaded Gatewood to remain with him, believing that the Indians would yet come to terms. The following morning Geronimo came into Lawton's camp and intimated his desire to make peace, but wished to talk with General Miles. In the course of the talk Geronimo, after looking Lawton over, grunted out the remark: "You are the only white man that ever tired me out!" Quickly came Lawton's reply, in his usual terse manner: "Well, that is just what I came to do!"

Lawton made an agreement with Geronimo that he should come down from the mountains, camp near his command, and await a reply from General Miles. He did so; but after the move was made the Mexicans made their appearance, which so frightened the Apaches that Lawton, fearing another stampede, agreed that Geronimo should move with him, for protection, toward the United States. General Miles declined to confer with the Indians unless they gave positive assurance that they were acting in good faith and intended to surrender when they met him. They were alarmed at the movement of troops in their vicinity, and moved with Lawton to Fort Bowie, where General Miles was located.

Soon after General Miles came into camp, and Geronimo joined him for a talk. He was informed that the Chiricahua and Warm Spring Indians were being removed from Arizona, and that he and his people would be sent from there at once and for all time. To this he replied that he would obey any order and bring in his camp early next morning. This he did. The Apaches had found troops in every valley, and when they saw heliographic signals flashing across every mountain range Geronimo and others sent word to Natchez that he had better come in at once and surrender. Natchez, however, was suspicious. The last hereditary chief of the hostile Chiricahuas hesitated to place himself in the hands of the pale-faces. He sent in word that if Geronimo would come out and meet him he would return with him. The latter went, and soon the two rode in together, and, dismounting, moved forward, and Natchez formally surrendered his camp.

General Miles returned to Fort Bowie, sixty-five miles distant, taking with him Geronimo, Natchez, and four other Indians. Lawton, with the main body of Apaches, started, and, by making slow marches, reached Fort Bowie on the morning September 8. Thus, the campaign, beginning on May 5, had continued five months, during which the column had marched and scouted a total of 3,041 miles. The Indians had fought until their ammunition had been exhausted.

Every member of that splendid command of Lawton's, who, despite hardships, achieved the success their endurance and fortitude so richly deserved, would, in any other country, have received immediate promotion, brevets and medals. Lawton entered a modest claim for the honors of this campaign in a letter, dated Fort Huachuca, A. T., October 31, 1886, a little over six weeks after Geronimo's surrender. He says: "I have been hard at work all summer, and you need not believe all the lies the newspapers tell you about the campaign. I got Geronimo myself, and feel very good over the complete success of my five months' work. It has added very much to my pleasure, too, to receive letters of congratulation from so many old friends and feel myself remembered."

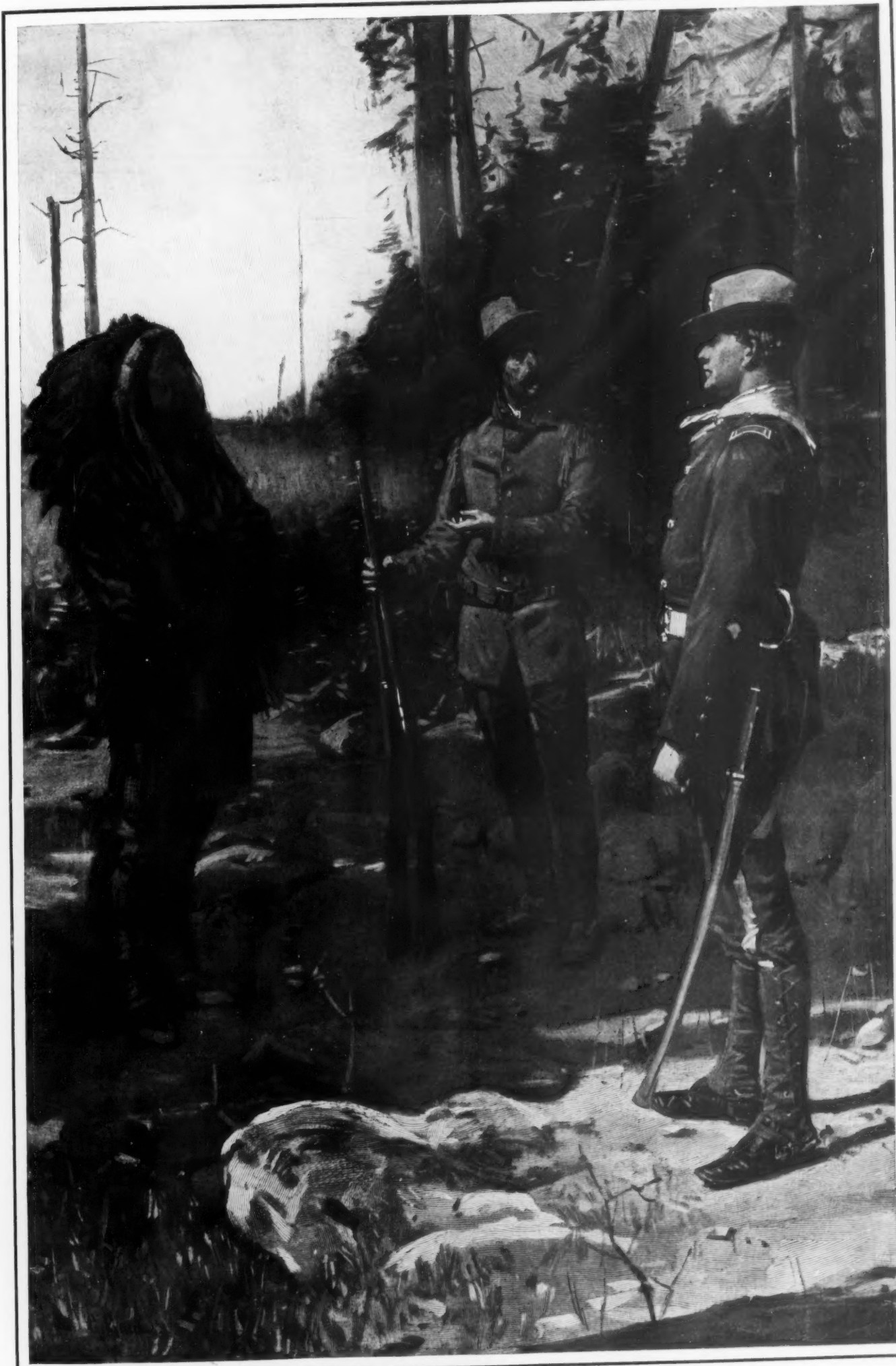


MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY W. LAWTON—1899

subsisted on three deer killed by the scouts, and on mule meat without salt. The country had been burned over, and there was great scarcity of grass and water, due to the immediate drainage of all moisture falling upon the steep, naked slopes. Among other hindrances were swarms of gnats during the day and myriads of mosquitoes throughout the night, and a large sick list due to malarial fever and diarrhoea. Lawton was at one time sick with mountain fever, and was carried along on a litter. Many men were sent back, not on account of any particular disease, but because they were worn out. One sergeant died of cerebral hemorrhage, and a number of men acquired varicose veins and inflamed joints, due to excessive climbing. Those who were sick bore their ills without complaint, and expressed regret at being sent back.

On the 6th of July the command, consisting now of infantry and scouts, marched from Oposura. In command were Lieutenants Brown and Walsh, both of the Fourth Cavalry, the former commanding the scouts. Assistant Surgeon Leonard Wood, now Governor-General of Cuba, had recently joined the column as medical officer, and was, at his own request, given command of the infantry.

The Indians now committed several atrocious murders and



PAINTED BY GILBERT GAUL

THE SURRENDER OF THE CHIEF

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LOWE'S SEAT

By S. R. CROCKETT, AUTHOR OF "THE STICKIT MINISTER," "THE RAIDERS," Etc.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

NOTE—"LOWE'S SEAT" IS THE FIRST OF TWO STORIES, BY THIS FAMOUS AUTHOR OF SCOTTISH TALES, DEALING WITH THE SAME SCENES AND CHARACTERS. NEXT WEEK WILL BE PUBLISHED THE CONCLUDING STORY, "THE SUIT OF BOTTLE GREEN"



ELSPETH did not seem to go to Lowe's Seat. She had no business there. For she was the minister's daughter, and at this time of the day ought to have been visiting the old wives in the whitewashed "Clachan" on the other side of the river, showing them how to render their patchwork cloaks less hideous, compassionating them on their sons' ungrateful silence (let- ters arrive so seldom from the "States"). Yet here was Elspeth Stuart under the waving soft grassy turf, and employed in picking a gowan asunder petal by petal. It was the middle of an August afternoon, and as hot as it ever is in Scotland.

Why, then, had Elspeth gone to Lowe's Seat? It seemed a mystery. It was to the full as pleasant on the side of the river where dwelt her father, and where complained her maiden aunt, and where, after their kind, racketed and stormed her roving, vagabond, bird-nesting brothers. On the Piets' Mound, beside the kirk (an ancient Moothill, so they say, upon which justice of the rudest and readiest was of old dispensed), there were trees and green depths of shade. She might have stayed and read there—the "Antiquary" perhaps, or "Joseph Andrews," or her first favorite "Emma"—all the long, sweet drowsing summer's afternoon. But somehow up at Lowe's Seat the leaves of the wood laughed to a different tune, and the Airds woods were dearer than all sweet Kenside.

But in spite of all, Elspeth Stuart had crossed in her own father's skiff, which he used for his longer ministerial excursions up the water, and her brothers Frank and Sandy for perch-fishing and laying their lines. There was a certain puddock in a locker which sadly troubled Elspeth as she bent to the oars. And now she was at Lowe's Seat.

It is strange to what the love of poetry will drive a girl. Elspeth tossed the fair curls which a light wind persisted in tickling ticklingly over her brow. With a coquettish, blushing, half-indignant gesture she thrust them back with her hand—as if they ought to have known better than to intrude upon a purpose so serious as hers in coming to Lowe's Seat.

"Here was the place," she murmured to herself, explanatorily, "where the poor boy hid himself to write his poem—a hundred years ago! Was it really a hundred years ago?"

She looked about her, and the wind whispered and rustled and laughed a little among the elms and the hazels. While out toward the river and on a level with her face the silver birches shook their plumes daintily as a pretty girl her wandering tresses, bending saucily toward the water as they did so. Then Elspeth said the first two verses of "Mary's Dream" over to herself. The poem was a favorite with her father, a hard, stern man, with a sentimental base, as is indeed very common in Scotland.

"The moon had climbed the highest hill
That rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree."

"When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
There soft and low a voice was heard
Saying: 'Mary, weep no more for me!'"

Elspeth was young, and she was not critical. Lowe's simple, and, to the modern mind, somewhat obvious verses seemed to her to cover the essence of truth and feeling. But, on the other hand, she looked adorable as she said them. For, strangely enough, a woman's critical judgment is generally in inverse ratio to her personal attractiveness—though doubtless there are exceptions.

As has been said, she did not go to Lowe's Seat for any

particular purpose. She said so to herself as often as ten times while she was crossing in the skiff, and as often when she was pulling herself up the steep brae-face by the supple hazels and more stubborn young oaks.

So Elspeth Stuart continued to hum a vagrant tune, more than half of the bars wholly silent, and the rest sometimes loud and sometimes soft, as she glanced downward out of her green garret of leaves.

More than once she grew restive and pattered impatiently with her fingers on her lap, as if expecting some one who did not come. Only occasionally she looked down toward the river. Indeed she permitted her eyes to rove in every direction except immediately beneath her, where, through a mist

denly. But though she had not smiled when the youth came in sight, she pouted when he made as if he would pass by without seeing her, which is a strange thing when you come to think of it, considering that she herself had not apparently observed him.

Suddenly, however, she sang out loudly a strong, ringing stave, like a blackbird from the copse as the sun rises above the hills. Whereat the young man started as if he had been shot. He had a fishing-rod in his hand, and seemed intent on the stream. But at the sound of Elspeth's voice he whirled about, and catching a glimpse of bright apparel through the green leaves, he came straight up through the tangle with the rod in his hand. Even at that moment it

did not escape Elspeth's eye that he held it awkwardly, like one little used to Galloway burnside. She meant to show him better by and by.

Having arrived, the surprise and mutual courtesies were simply overpowering. Elspeth had not dreamed—the merest impulse had led her—she had been reading Lowe's poem the night before. It was really the only completely sheltered place for miles where one could muse in peace. He knew it was, did he not?

But we must introduce this young man. If he had possessed a card it would have said:

The Rev. Allan Syme, M.A.
He was minister of the Cameronian Kirk at Cairn Edward. He had just been "called," chiefly because the other two on the short list had not been considered sufficiently "firm" in their views concerning the "Erastian Establishment," as at the Kirk on the Hill they called the Church of Scotland, nationally provided for by the Revolution Settlement.

In his trial discourses Mr. Syme had proved categorically that no good had ever come out of any state-supported church, that the ministers of the present establishment were little better than priests of the Scarlet Woman who sitteth on the Seven Hills, and that all those who trusted in them were as the moles and the bats, children of darkness, and travellers on the easily macadamized way to destruction.

Nevertheless, at that free stave of Elspeth's carol Allan Syme went up hill as fast as if he had never preached a sermon on the text, "And Elijah girded up his loins and ran before Abab unto the entering in of Jezreel."

At half-past eleven by the clock the minister of the Cameronian Kirk sat down beside the daughter of an Erastian Establishment.

Have you heard the leaves of beech and birch laugh as they clash and rustle? That is how the woods of Airds laughed about Lowe's Seat.



THE WOODS OF AIRDS LAUGHED ABOUT LOWE'S SEAT

of leaves, she could see the Dee kissing murmuringly the rushes on its marge.

A pretty girl—yes, surely. More than that, winsome, with a wilful brightness which took men more than beauty. And withal only twenty years of age, Elspeth Stuart, the only daughter of the parish minister of Dullarg, did not move far without drawing the glances of men after her as a magnet attracts steel filings.

Yet a second marvel appeared beneath. There was a young man moving along by the water's edge, and he did not look up. Lowe's Seat might just as well not have existed for him, and its pretty occupant might have been reading "Miss Austen" under the pines of the Kirk Knowe on the opposite side of Dee Water.

Elspeth also was wholly unconscious. Of course, how otherwise? She had plucked a spray of bracken, and was peeling away the fronds, unravelling the tough fibres of the root and rubbing off the underleaf seeds, red on her fingers like iron rust. Wondrous busy had our maid become all sud-

Bess MacTaggart took it across with any load, pushing easily upon an iron lever. They use a wheel now, but it was much prettier in the old days, when all for a penny you could watch Bess lift the toothed lever with a sharp movement of her shapely arm, wet and dripping from the chain, as it slowly redged itself up from the river bed.

It was half-past three when, in reply to repeated hails, the boat left the Dullarg shore with a company of three men and the sort of person who is called a "single lady."

Two of the men stood together at one end of the ferryboat, and after Bess bade one of them sharply to get out of her road, she called him "Drows," and asked him if he were going over to the lamb sale at Nether Airds.

"If it's the Lord's will!" Drows replied with solemnity. Both he and his companion had broad, clean-shaven "horse" faces, with an abundance of gray hair standing out in a straggling semicircular aureole underneath the chin. Cameronian was stamped upon their faces with broad, strong simplicity. The blue bonnet, already looking old-world among the uni-

versal felt common to most adult manhood, the deep serious eyes, as it were withdrawn under the penthouse of bushy brows, and looking upon all things (even lamb sales) as fleeting and transitory, the long upper lip, the mouth tightly compressed—these all marked out John Allanson of Drows and Matthew Carment of Craigs as pillars of that Kirk which, alone of all the fragments of Presbytery, is senior to the Established Church of Scotland.

On the other side of the boat and apart stood Dr. Hector Stuart, gazing somewhat gloomily at the black water as it rippled and clattered under the broad lip of the ferry-boat. A proud man, a Highland gentleman, was the minister of Dullarg. He kept his head erect, and for any notice he had taken of the Cameronian elders they might just as well not have been on the boat at all. And in their turn the elders of the Cameronian Kirk compressed their lips more firmly, and their eyes seemed deeper set in their heads as their glances fell on him. For nowhere is the racial antipathy of north and south so strong as in Galloway. There, and there alone, the memory of the Highland Host has not died out, and every autumn, when the hills glow red with heather from horizon to horizon verge, the story is told to Galloway childhood how Lag and Clavers wasted the heritage of the Lord, and how, from Ailsa to Solway, all the west of Scotland is "flowered with the blood of the Martyrs."

The thin nervous woman kept close at the minister's elbow.

"I tell you I saw her cross the water, Hector," she was saying as Dr. Stuart looked ahead, scanning keenly the low sandy shores they were nearing.

"The boat is gone and she has not returned. It is a thing not proper for a young lady and a minister's daughter to be so long absent from home!"

"My daughter has been too well brought up to do aught that is improper!" said Dr. Stuart, with grave, sententious dignity. "You need not pursue the subject, Mary!"

There was just enough likeness between them to stamp the pair as brother and sister. As the boat touched the edge of the sharply sloping shingle bank, the hinged duck's bill of broad gangplank tilted itself at a new angle. The passengers paid their pennies to Bess MacTaggart and stepped on shore. The boathouse stands in a water-girt peninsula, the Ken being on one side broad and quiet, the Black Water on the other sulky and turbulent. So that for half a mile there was but one road for this curiously assorted pair of pairs.

And as they approached them the trees of Airds laughed more loudly, with a ripple of tossing birch plumes, like a woman when she is merry in the night and dares not laugh aloud. And the beeches responded with a dryish cackle that had something of irony in it. Listen and you will hear how it was the next time a beech tree shakes its leaves.

The two elders came to a quick turn of the road. There was a stile just beyond. A moment before a young man had overleaped it, and now he was holding up his hand encouragingly to a girl who smiled down upon him from above. It was a difficult stile. The dike top was shaky above. Two of the bottom steps were missing altogether. All who have once been young know the kind of stile—verily, a place of danger to the unwary.

So at least thought Elspeth Stuart, as for a long moment she stood daintily her skirts about her ankles on the perilous copstone, and drawing her breath a little short at the sight of the steep descent into the road.

The elders stood still, and behind them the other pair came slowly up. And surely some wicked tricksome Puck laughed among the beech leaves.

Elspeth Stuart had taken the young man's hand now. He was lifting her down. There—it was done. And—yes, you are right—something else happened—just what you and I would have done—twenty—thirty, or is it forty years ago? And with a clash and a rustle the beeches told the tale to the birches over all the wooded slopes of the hill of Airds.

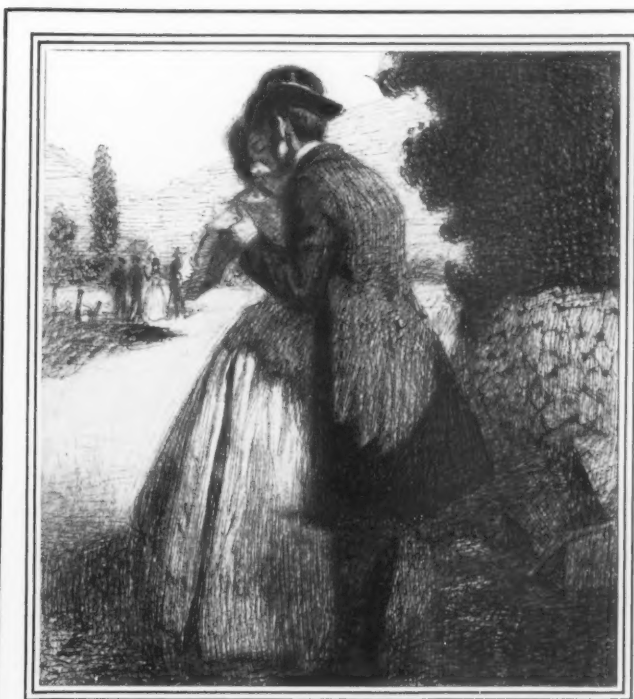
"Elspeth!"
"Elspeth Stuart!"
"Maister Syme!"

The names came from four pairs of horrified lips as the parties to the above-mentioned transaction fell swiftly asunder, with sudden stricken horror on their faces. The first cry came shrill and keen, and was accompanied by an out-throwing of feminine hands. The second fell more sternly from the mouth of one who was at once a parent and a minister of the Establishment, outraged in his tenderest feelings. But indubitably the elders had it. For one thing, they were two to one, and as they said for the second time, with yet deeper gravity, "MAISTER SYME!" it appeared at once that they and only they were able adequately to meet the unprecedented situation. But the others did what they could.

Miss Mary Stuart, the minister's sister, flew forward with an eager cry, the "scraich" of a desperate hen when she is on the wrong side of the fence and sees the "daich" disappearing down a hundred hungry throats.

She clutched her niece by the arm.
"Come away this moment," she cried. "Do you know who this young man is?"

But Elspeth did not answer. She was looking at her father, Dr. Stuart, whose eyes were bent upon the young man. Very stern they were, the fierce sudden darkness of Celtic anger in them. But the young Cameronian minister knew that he had far worse to face than that, and met the frown of paternal severity with shame indeed mantling on his cheek and neck,



JUST WHAT YOU AND I WOULD HAVE DONE—
TWENTY YEARS AGO

but yet with a certain quiet of determination firming his heart within him.

"Sir," he said, "that of which you have been witness was no more than an accident. The fault of impulse and young blood. I was carried away. I ask the young lady's pardon and yours. I should have spoken to you first, but now I will delay no longer. Sir, I love your daughter!"

There came for the first time a slight smile upon the pale face of Elspeth. She said in her heart, "Ah, Allan, if ye had spoken first to my father, faint a kiss would ye ever have gotten from Elspeth Stuart!"

But at the words of the young Cameronian the face of her father grew only the more stern, the two elders watching and biding their time by the roadside.

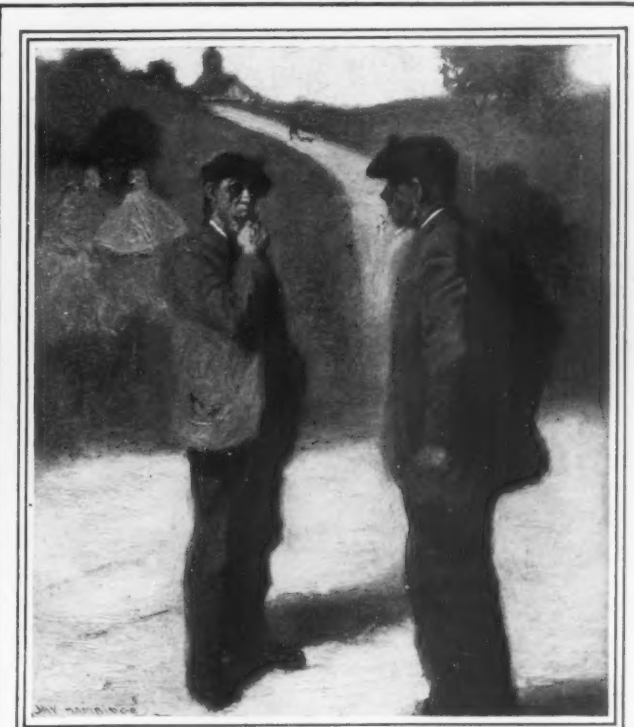
They knew that it would come.

At last, after a long silence, Dr. Stuart spoke.

"Sir," he said grimly, "I do not bandy words with you upon the public highway. I myself have nothing to say to you. I forbid you ever again to speak to my daughter. Elspeth, follow me!"

And with no more than this he turned and stalked away. But his daughter also had the high Highland blood in her veins. She shook off with one large motion of her arm the stringy clutch of her aunt's fingers.

"Heed you not, Allan," she said, speaking very clearly, so that all might hear; "when ye want me, I will come the long road and the straight road to speak a word with you."



"IT WAS MAYBE NO VERRA LIKE A MINISTER O' THE KIRK.
BUT IT WAS AWESOME HUMAN!"

It was a bold avowal to make, and a moment before Elspeth had not meant to say anything of the kind. But they had taken the wrong way with her.

"Oh, unmaidenly—most unmaidenly!" cried her aunt, "come away—ye are mad this day, Elspeth Stuart—he has but a hunder a year of stipend, and may lose that any day!"

But Elspeth did not answer. She was holding out her hand to Allan Syme. He bent quickly and kissed it. This young man had had a mother who taught him gracious ways not at all in keeping with the staid manners of a son of the Covenantants.

"And now, sir," said John Allanson of Drows, turning grimly upon his minister, who stood watching Elspeth's girlish figure disappear round the curve of the green-edged track, "what have you to say to us?"

Then Allan Syme's pulses leaped quick and light, for he knew that now of a surety the time of his visitation was at hand. Yet his heart did not fail within him. At the last it was glad and high. "For after all" (he smiled as he thought it)—"after all—well, they cannot take that from me."

"Sir," said Matthew Carment, in a louder tone, "heard ye the question that your ruling elder hath pitten till ye?"

"John and Matthew," said the young man gently, "ye are my elders and I will not answer you as I did Dr. Stuart—"

"The priest of Midian!" said Matthew Carment.

"The forswearer of covenants!" said John Allanson.

"But I will speak with you as these who have been unto me as Aaron and Hur for the upholding of mine hands—"

"Say, rather," said John Allanson sternly, "as Phineas the son of Eleazar, the son of Aaron the priest, who thrust through the Midianitish woman in sight of all the congregation of Israel as they stood weeping before the door of the tabernacle!"

"So the plague was stayed from the children of Israel," quoted Matthew Carment gravely, finishing his friend's sentence.

Allan Syme winced. The words had been his Sunday's text.

"I tell you, gentlemen," he said quickly, "since God gave Eve to Adam there has not been on earth a sweeter maid than this. You have heard me declare my love for her. Well, I love her more than I dare trust my tongue to utter!"

"And how about your love for the Covenantants? And for the Faithful Remnant of the persecuted Kirk of the Martyrs?" said Drows, with a dreary persistence that wore on Allan Syme like prolonged toothache.

Then Matthew Carment, who, though slower than the Ruling Elder, but was not less sure, gave in his contribution.

"Like unto Eve, said ye? A true word—verily, a most true word! For did not we with our own eye see ye with her partake of the forbidden fruit? But *your* eyes, young man, have not yet been opened!"

Allan Syme began to grow very angry.

"I am a free agent," he said fiercely. "I am not a child under bonds. Ye are not my tutors and governors by any law human or divine. Nor am I answerable to you whom I shall woo or whom I shall wed!"

"Ye are answerable to God and the Kirk!" cried the two with one voice.

And to this Matthew Carment again added his say. The three were now walking slowly in the direction of the lamb sale.

"Sir, I mind how ye well described the so-called ministers of the Establishment—'Locusts on our land,' these were your words, 'instruments of inefficiency, the plague-spot upon the nation, the very scorn of Reformation and a Scandal of Religion!' Ye said well, minister. And the spawn of Belial is like unto Belial!"

Allan Syme was angry exceedingly.

"God be my judge," he cried, "she whom I love is more Christian than the whole pack of you. Never has she spoken an ill word of any, ever since I have known her!"

"And wherefore should she?" said John Allanson of Drows, as dispassionately as a clerk reading an indictment; "hath she not been clothed in fine linen and fared sumptuously every day? Hath she not eaten of the fine flour and the honey and the oil? Hath she not been adorned with brodered work and shod with badger skin, and, even as her sisters, Aholah and Aholibah, hath not power been given unto her to lead even the hearts of the elect captive?"

Then Allan Syme broke forth furiously.

"Your tongues are evil," he said; "you are not fit to take her name on your lips! She is to me as the mother of our Lord—yes, as Mary, the wife of Joseph the carpenter!"

"And indeed I never thought muckle of her either!" said Matthew of Craigs; "the Papishes make ower great a to-do about her for my liking!"

"Matthew Carment and John Allanson, I bid you hearken to me!" cried the young minister.

"Aye, Allan Syme, we will hearken!" they answered him, fronting him eye to eye.

"God judge between you and me," he said.

"He hath said that for this cause shall a man leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife. Now, I know well that if ye like, ye can take from me my kirk and all my living. But I have spoken and I will adhere. I have promised and I will keep. Take this my parting message. Do your duty as it is revealed to you. I will go forth freely and willingly. Naked I came among you—naked will I go.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. H. SEOTT, COMD, COL.



A ROTARY SNOW-PLOW ON THE COLORADO AND SOUTHERN RAILWAY



A TELEGRAPH "OFFICE" NEAR



BURROWING THROUGH THE SNOW NEAR ALPINE TUNNEL, C. AND S. RY.



SCALING THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE NEAR



A BREATHING SPELL ON THE PRAIRIE AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK



THE ROTARY IN THE CLOUDS, ALTITUDE

FIGHTING SNOW ON W

(SEE PAGE



GRAPH "OFFICE" NEAR BRECKENRIDGE, COL.



THE ROTARY BURIED IN THE SNOW, PUSHED BY SIX LOCOMOTIVES



OUNTAIN-SIDE NEAR ALPINE TUNNEL, C. AND S. RY.



RUNNING THROUGH A PRAIRIE DRIFT, THE ROTARY AT TOP SPEED



E CLOUDS, ALTITUDE 11,470 FEET, C. AND S. RY.



A SNOW-CUT TWENTY FEET DEEP



BACKING THE ROTARY OUT OF A CUT

ON WESTERN RAILROADS

(SEE PAGE 35)

The hearts of my people are dearer to me than life. Ye can twine them from me as ye will. Ye can out me from my kirk, send me forth of my manse—cast me upon the world as a man disgraced. But, as I am a man answerable to God, there are two things ye cannot do: ye cannot make me break my plighted word nor make me other than proud of the love I have won from God's fairest creature upon earth."

And with these words he turned on his heel and strode straight uphill away from them in the direction of his distant home.

The two men stood looking after him. Drows stroked his shaggy fringe of beard. Matthew Carment put his hand to his eyes and looked under it as if he had been looking into the sunset. There was a long silence. At last the two turned and looked at each other.

"Weel, what think ye?" said Drows, ruling elder and natural leader in debate.

There was a still longer pause, for Matthew Carment was a man slow by nature and slower by habit.

"He's a fine lad!" he said at last.

Drows broke a twig elaborately from the hedge.

"So I was thinkin'!" he answered.

"I had it in my mind at the time he was speakin'," began Matthew, and then hesitated.

"Ay, what was in your mind?"

"I was thinkin' on the days when I courted Jean."

"Ay, man!"

There was another long silence.

It was Drows who broke it this time, and he said: "I—I was thinkin', too, Mathy! Ay, man, I was thinkin'!"

"About Marget?" queried Matthew Carment.

"Na, na about Marget!"

They were silent again. The ruling elder chewed at a green sprig of hedge-thorn. It seemed palatable. He got

on well with it. "Man," he said at last, "do ye ken, Mathy—when he turned on us like you I was kind o' proud o' him. My heart burned within me. It was maybe no verra like a minister o' the kirk. But it was awesome human!"

"Then we'll say nae mair!" said Matthew Carment, turning toward the farm where the lamb sale was by this time well under way. "What are ye thinkin' o' biddin' for the day, Drows?"

Now Scotland was at that time a difficult place in which to keep young and loving hearts apart. But we must take a fresh sheet whereon to tell the long road and the straight by which Elspeth came home to her trysted love and gave herself for good report and ill into the hands of Allan Syme.

ENGLAND IN TIME OF WAR

BY EDGAR FAWCETT

IT IS FAR FROM an original saying that the English do not wear their hearts on their sleeves. In almost any other country than this I should say that the excitement over a war so novel, ominous and serious would be much fiercer than we find it here. I was in Paris, for example, two years ago last May, when the burning of the Charity Bazaar in the Rue Jean Goujon caused such pathetic loss of life. The crowds on the boulevards and the wild clamors of hurrying newsboys would have betokened, to a freshly arrived stranger with a neglected Ollendorf, that mobs were somewhere flinging up the most portentous barricades. And it all meant merely a local disaster, bitterly sorrowful, yet no more than one of those dire events which bereave the classes without threatening the masses, and which affect neither in any profound or drastic way. England's grief and anxiety are the emotions of a deep feeling though self-repressed people. She is nationally so unimaginative that you often wonder at her romantic obedience to Royalty; for nowadays this feature can hardly be taken as a proof of her innate conservatism, since the sovereign power has been stripped of all its lordly past prerogatives. And yet the Queen's manifest sympathy is almost everywhere a source of extreme popular delight. That she is venerable and much-respected has, of course, a great deal to do with the matter; but it has not all. Were the Prince of Wales king, his outflow of concern would appeal, as does hers, to the entire realm. This is one of the anomalies you find throughout a country whose spirit is essentially so republican.

Meanwhile the Queen has not only indorsed hundreds of charities with her august approval, but has figured personally at a grand royal Christmas party held in St. George's Hall, Windsor Castle. This magnificent historic chamber contained many distinguished and titled guests; but those for which the festivity was chiefly given were obscure folk enough—the wives and children of the Household Brigade, of the Guards (now serving in South Africa), and of the Reservists resident in Windsor district. A superb Christmas tree, laden with gifts both useful and costly, entranced the children and their mothers alike. With her own hands the Queen distributed many presents, and the numerous royal princesses who surrounded her lent their kindly aid. Tales about Victoria's failing health should not be credited. She has felt great agitation, it is true, but her wondrous native vigor has yet in no way succumbed to worry and strain. Her usual sojourn at Osborne was delayed a week, but she is now in the Isle of Wight.

That the Queen's intention of passing March and April at Bordon will be carried out is of course an affair for the capricious future alone to decide. I have heard it contradicted that she gave her maternal veto to the idea of the Duke of Connaught going to South Africa. The Government prevented this design, it is now widely believed, through fear lest any sombre consequence might deal a cruel blow to his aged mother. Prince Arthur has always been her favorite son. His appointment as Commander of the Forces in Ireland does not please this patriotic prince, I am told, since he burned to take his chances beside Lord Roberts, whose place he will now fill.

Apocryphal of Lord Roberts, the news of his son's death came to this renowned veteran with frightful suddenness at the Athenaeum Club, where he happened, the other day, to be luncheon. "Too bad, isn't it, about the death of Lord Roberts' son in South Africa?" said one member to another at a table just behind him. With great agitation (knowing already that his son was wounded) the old soldier rose and went out into the hall. There the tape-machine of the club confirmed those fearfully abrupt tidings, which he has afterward endured with such stoic fortitude, as everybody now knows.

The war has not appreciably emptied London, so far as concerns its open streets. They seem populous as ever, and in the "city" portion of the vast metropolis carts, vans, busses, cabs, and all conceivable kinds of vehicles often move along with the same laborious and congested slowness. But where one misses the men is at clubs, the fashionable restaurants, and the drawing-rooms of smart or less pretentious entertainers. The theatres, too, are suffering, and literary men and painters (who always, I fear me, have some sort of grievance to air) are frequently woe-begone about their sales. A great many ladies are now in town who seldom see London at this season of the year. Mrs. Arthur Paget, who made herself so prominent in the scheme of fitting up the American hospital ship, has lately received tidings that her husband has been stricken with typhoid at the Cape. Notwithstanding this gloomy message, however, she is organizing a performance to be given early in February at Her Majesty's Theatre for

the wounded overseas. The programme, as yet somewhat vague, will include a tableau, to be called "A Dream of Fair Women."

Just who will appear under this flatteringly Tennysonian *cachet* is still dubious. The lovely Princess Henry of Pless and the almost equally winsome Lady Warwick are of course among those to be expected, although the latter is just now so interested in other war-charities that she may be prevented from taking part. If she does, the *levee vulgus* can then judge whether M. Carolus Duran was quite fair to her in his portrait, exhibited at last year's Royal Academy. For this red-letter evening in Mr. Beerbohm Tree's theatre the Queen has taken ten stalls at one hundred guineas, and has also given some precious pieces of counsel concerning the most preferable patrons and patronesses to select. Then, too, another very noteworthy war-charity will be held on February 22. The Prince of Wales will preside at this, and it will occur at Covent Garden Opera House. Madame Patti (who is adored here) will sing gratuitously for the Transvaal victims. The Duchess of Marlborough (formerly Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt) will recite, it is alleged, a patriotic poem, though possibly this is a mistaken report, and some other dame of high degree will assume a rôle for which the young Duchess is too youthful and inexperienced. However we regard the home side of the war, this question of charity incessantly confronts us. There is hardly a notable theatre, either in London or the provinces, which has not given up its full receipts for at least one night to the aid of soldiers' families. Many newspapers have formed agencies for collections with similar purport. One has already amassed the sum of nearly two million shillings, and bids fair to exceed it by thousands more. In the country there are few hunts, and all hunt-balls have been cancelled. This may have a tame sound for transatlantic ears, but when sport languishes in rural England the reason must indeed be a potent one.

Latterly the plays produced in London have dealt with Albion's aristocracy, and clothed it in colors unenviable if not depraved. Mr. Sydney Grundy, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Pinero and Mr. Cartan have all drawn titled grandes with unsparring ridicule and contempt. But the work of these dramatists now is pointed to as both malicious and slanderous. The British nobility, it is urged, may have black sheep in its flock; but could the indolent and insolent rabble delineated by these playwrights as representative peers behave as unselfishly as they are now doing if such shabby records of them were really veracious? Here is the young grandson and heir of the Duke of Westminster, learning that he has become the richest land-holder in the kingdom, and learning it as an officer on Sir Alfred Milner's staff. Both the Dukes of Norfolk and Marlborough have volunteered for service. The Earls of Dudley, Warwick, Lonsdale, Haddington, and Hertford have already done the same, and doubtless many of their "belted" colleagues will imitate them. As for men of lesser rank who have gone or are going to the front (like Lords Chesham, Anny, Galway, etc.), the list is lengthening every day. Lord Wimborne has no less than four sons in the army. Lord Edward Churchill left for the Cape some time ago, and this young gentleman is not only the heir to seven separate estates, but will also eventually inherit an annual income of fifty thousand pounds. The Duke and Duchess of Portland are fellow-mourners, and yet, in a certain sense, from different causes, he having lost a near relation in the war and she a brother.

On the part of women there has been an enormous amount of silent heroism. Many mothers, wives and sweethearts have received severe shocks of late. Those, I mean, who thanked heaven that their sons, husbands and swains were safe at home. Then came the call for fresh troops, and from city shops as from country farms numberless offers have poured, till to-day the Imperial Yeomanry has the refusal of three times more men than it needs. Perhaps the rest, however, may be required hereafter, to fill up those blanks wrought by death's random yet unswerving scythe; and so they are retained as an attendant surplus. All of which means added anguish, though the amount of actual breakdown among the women is astonishingly small.

Still, heartrending cases do occur. Only a short time ago I heard of a poor young creature whose husband had left England in October last, and was shot in a recent battle. When the news reached her she took to her bed, and soon afterward died. Her family and friends were all too impoverished to meet the expenses of her funeral, and these were defrayed by one of those numerous helpful institutions which I have already mentioned. Trained and competent nurses, on the other hand, give continuous proof of humanity and hardihood. They embark for that distant eastern coast with tears

blurring the white chalk cliffs of their island birthplace, but they reach Cape Town with brave smiles and braver hearts. A great and sweet benison has been shed over modern warfare in the shape of noble, firm-nerved, self-surrendering women; and no country more distinctly than England has shown itself richer in this impulse of tenderly valiant volunteers.

From a financial standpoint the home side of the war may be called thus far a somewhat agreeable surprise. The stock-markets reveal, it is true, no signs of unaltered strength, while the dearthness of banker's capital is a fact not to be lightly dismissed, and the firmness of current prices can by no means promise future stability to even their most sanguine students. But matters, everybody agrees, might have been hugely worse, and indeed everybody appears to marvel just why they have not. Cheap money is not expected for months to come. Supply services have already cost much—over seven million pounds, in fact, above what they cost a year ago. But this does not yet startle, though last week one hundred million pounds was borrowed by the Government from the Bank of England, and it is measurably certain that similar borrowings must augment at a more rapid rate than products of taxation will accrue. This year—or, rather, the final quarter of it—has proved especially rich in fiscal assets. These, I believe, were for the most part due to the income-tax, licenses, and other imposts of an exceptional kind.

Beyond doubt a great deal of dissatisfaction has sprung from the defeats which have followed each other in such quick and unforeseen succession. If Britain ends with a complete victory there will assuredly, even then, be grave accusations brought against the War Office. Lord Lansdowne, Secretary for War, will come in, I am afraid, for a solid amount of censure. Lord Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's Army, must prepare himself for a storm of blame. One can already hear the Radicals sharpening their parliamentary knives. Extreme awkwardness and slowness of mobilization will be one of the charges; incapacity on the part of those intrusted with superintendence and manufacture of national armaments will take its place as another; and still another will concern the antiquated and irritating manipulation of very red and terribly long tape. It must be admitted that Tory and Liberal are both gnashing their teeth on this whole subject, and that mortification and disgust grow apace. And when an Englishman has anything really to grumble about I am daily becoming more and more convinced that his capacity for solemn mutterings and explosive crashes may elsewhere have been rivalled, but never, in any terrestrial zone, surpassed. Perhaps this colossal ability to find fault is one reason why he has succeeded in not only finding but also correcting fault. You may register your thorough refusal to concede that he is always right, while warmly granting that he often exploits handsome zeal in trying to be thought so.

THE GENIUS OF THE CITY

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

City beloved! Magnet of ardent souls,

Focus of life concentric and of art!

Runs not a unity through every part—

One current through the human tide that rolls,

Howe'er thy pilgrims haste to scattered goals?

Ofttimes, amidst thy hurrying throngs, I start,

As at the impact of a beating heart—

Some sovran heart of hearts, that all controls!

It is thy Genius! Once a midday chime

For one swift moment rhythmic utterance

lent—

The next, the Voice had passed, with close

sublime!

And once, from those dark towers that front

the sea,

A light shot forth—and vanished! 'Twas,

to me,

A spirit glance thy watchful Genius sent.

THE LATEST WAR INVENTIONS IN OPERATION

THE APPLICATION in South Africa of the very latest war inventions has characterized the advance of the English army, and if these count for anything in competent hands they should form a determining factor in the campaign. It is not only in the use of lyddite shells, smokeless powder, and modern high-power rifles and naval guns that they are thoroughly up to date, but in the employment of inventions and mechanism never before attempted in any war. In fact, the practical experiments in the field with the numerous modern war inventions will decide many points of contention for army officers.

The armored trains which have been features of the sorties from Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking are distinctly British inventions, and, with the exception of the campaign in Egypt, they have never before been tested in hard-fought battles. The steam plow for cutting trenches is another English invention, used for the first time in South Africa. This plow is really an adaptation of the steam plow used in the Western part of this country, and was designed by Colonel Temple of the Royal Engineers, after a study of the American article. A three-wheel traction engine drags the plow through the soil, and the heavy plowshare cuts deep into the soil. By breaking up the surface in this way the soldiers can throw up a breastwork or dig a trench in half the time required by the ordinary method.

The war surgeons of the British army are all using the X-rays, but in this respect the American surgeons were ahead of them in the Spanish-American war, when the X-rays formed part of every surgical outfit in the hospitals. But since the close of our war the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy has been improved and brought into practical operation. The apparatus is already in South Africa, and probably before this the instruments are in complete working order. The use of war balloons for spying out the enemy's work is constant, and they have already demonstrated their fitness for the purposes intended. The most complete war balloon corps ever sent to any war was despatched to South Africa when hostilities first broke out.

Before Marconi's apparatus reached South Africa, however, the latest devices in electric signalling were adopted, and at Kimberley it was known that Lord Methuen's army had come within twenty or thirty miles of the place several weeks ago. This electric signalling system consisted in breaking up the electric flashes into dots and dashes to form telegraphic letters. The code was secret, and the besieged army in Kimberley held communication with the army of relief without fear of the Boers reading their messages. The searchlights which were used for flashing the

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signals were located on a high tower, from which it could throw electric flashes in the air that could be seen for fifty or sixty miles away.

Shortly after the battle of Elandshagte the portable telephone was put into service, and General French immediately established communication with the authorities at Cape Town and Durban. The telegraphers carried with them the batteries and telephone, and all they had to do was to make connections with the wires overhead. By this means General French asked for and received reinforcements. Within a few hours after he had reported his condition two regiments of cavalry, two field batteries, and two and a half battalions of infantry were on their way to reinforce him. This promptness demonstrated the value of the portable telephone in the field during urgent cases.

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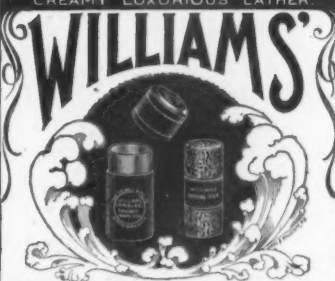
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Do NOT BE WRONGFULLY PREJUDICED AGAINST A BEETLED COCKTAIL UNTIL YOU HAVE TRIED THE CLUB BRAND. THE PRINCIPLE IS CORRECT. THE INGREDIENTS ARE ALL THAT ANY COCKTAIL IS ALL THAT ANY COCKTAIL DRINKER CAN DESIRE. TRY THEM AND SATISFY YOURSELF. AVOID IMITATIONS. G. F. HUBBLEIN & BROS., SOLE PROPRIETORS, 39 BROADWAY NEW YORK, HARTFORD, CONN., AND 20 PLYMOUTH W. LONDON, ENGLAND.

ROUND THE HEARTH

EDITED BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER



IN THESE WINTER DAYS FIRES abound, and, as usual, harrowing sequels follow the bursting out of flames in beautiful homes, which burn as quickly as the most fragile tenement shells, when once a conflagration is started. We have not forgotten the holocausts of a year ago, and again within a fortnight we have seen lives lost, as well as valuable property destroyed, by this devouring element. Disasters on sea and land are the order of the day during the cold weather, and it often seems as though Nature took a savage delight in flaunting her independence of man, and her power of defying his control. A certain measure of preparation for any sudden alarm should be part of the every-day training of all members of the household, in view of what may happen to any of us. Fire-escapes should not only be provided on dwelling houses, but we should be skilled in their use, practicing the art of going down their giddy rounds, when there is no need of haste. In orphan asylums and charitable institutions the inmates are often trained

to use the fire-escape to provide for their possible need, and every public school has its periodical drill, so that in case of a sudden alarm the children will not become panic stricken. Panic is responsible for many fatal cases of accident by fire, a person wild with fright knowing neither what to do nor from what to refrain. Before retiring at night, it is well to so arrange furniture and clothing that the latter will be at hand for instant use, and the former will be out of the way if a hasty exit become imperative. Too great precaution cannot be exercised by smokers, that they make a careful disposition of the casual match, and by all who have occasion to light gas or lamps, or to manage furnace fires, that they are guilty of no heedlessness. It is also the part of prudence to look well to the flues, and where we reside in towns, with houses in barrack-like rows, each tenant should acknowledge individual responsibility to every other, and no one should incur a thoughtless risk. A large and very destructive fire took place a year or two ago in an apartment-house, where a lady cleaning a garment with naphtha incautiously did so in a lighted room. Ignorance and carelessness in such a matter are without excuse, nor may we condone the trespass because "evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart."

An evidence of the luxury of our metropolitan life is shown in the lavish expenditure for flowers this season at dances and fêtes. To line a ballroom with superb American Beauty roses in January must cost a small fortune, but the thing has repeatedly been done, and as for palms and green things growing, for violets and lilies and orchids, and all wonderful fragrant blooms which carry summer sweetness into wintry air, our women of wealth command them to adorn their bowers, and their behest is obeyed. No dream of imperial splendor in ancient Rome surpassed in profusion the magnificence of our Western world in the gateway of the new century.

In growsome contrast to the shimmer and shine, the careful grace, and opulent air of modern society at its best, come two little stories tucked away obscurely in the daily papers, among the less conspicuous items. One is of a child in New England, a little bound boy, aged thirteen, who committed suicide because he was tired of life. A whole world of speculation and of revelation is compressed into that last line. How hard, how devoid of sympathy, how starved in whatever makes childish life beautiful, must have been that little bound boy's soul, before he could reach the point where

it could endure the wretchedness no longer! The other is the very common incident of a little newsboy run over and killed in a great Western city by a cable-car, the paper adding that the car did not stop, but whirled from the pitiful scene, leaving the small crushed form lying in its wake, with his newspapers scattered about on the track. Another boy pressing through the crowd recognized the little fellow as the only son of a widow who was poor and ill. "I wouldn't want to be the one to tell his mother," said this lad. "A roguish, merry, enterprising child," was the comment of the men about the stockyards, as they looked sorrowfully at the pitiful wreck, the life gone, the activity frozen, all in an instant, and through an accident.

If towns are to be beautified, their crooked streets straightened, statues erected at convenient places and parks interspersed amid solid walls of brick and stone, trees planted, triangles sodded and sown with flowers, railway stations kept clean and surrounded with shrubbery, women must take them in hand. The same talent which administers a house gra-

at of presiding, in putting motions, seconding them, talking about and passing them. Most of us have at least a bowing acquaintance with amendments, and reports and committees, and are punctilious in addressing the chair, and courteous in giving way to the member who is entitled to the floor. For absolute fidelity to traditions and strict obedience to rules, however, one must go to an East Side working-girls' club. The young woman in the chair, the young women in the seats before her, are models of propriety, and their dignified attention to precedent has a most impressive effect on a visitor's mind.

Whoever else may be obliged to wait for her money when it is earned and due, there is a peculiar hardship in the delay which keeps a public school teacher's salary in arrears. No people in the community work harder and more faithfully than the teachers, whose quiet diligence, day by day, molds the boys and girls, refines them, elevates them, and, where they are of foreign birth, or are children of foreign parentage, shapes them in such wise that they may become patriotic citizens. No light tasks are laid upon the hands of the teachers; their hours are long, their classes are large, and the material on which they work is crude and raw, but they are a brave and true-hearted set of toilers, the vast majority of their number women, and they constitute one of the potential forces of our civilization. It is a pity that there should ever be tardiness in the settlement of their accounts.

The amount of sleep needed by one person is quite disproportionate to the allowance of another. Some people prefer habitually to sit up until a very late hour, others retire early. The young should secure their beauty sleep before midnight. A long, deep, undisturbed night of sleep prepares one for the labors of the day as nothing else can. As a preservative of youth, no prescription is so efficacious as abundant sleep. It should be natural, not produced by narcotics, nor easily interrupted by outside noises nor by dreams, this sleep of health. Insomnia is a grievous malady, against which we should fight with our utmost will-power. The habit of eating a light supper will often prove an admirable defence against this dreaded foe of nocturnal peace. Americans do not esteem as they should the value of eating a little at a time, and often breaking their fast, assisting nature in her efforts to keep the physical vitality at high tide.

HOUSEWORK OR FACTORY? WHICH?

IN A CERTAIN hill-town where many families live in self-respecting economy and few are able or anxious to have large establishments, the women of the place find it increasingly difficult to obtain domestic servants. Few homes are palatial. The majority are small substantial houses, in which a single maid is quite sufficient to aid her mistress in the general housework, or where a second girl to assist in the care of children, answer the doorbell, and wait on the table meets every possible demand. Yet this modest requirement of one or two maids is not readily fulfilled; wages on a liberal scale, much individual freedom, and a good home do not attract the young women of the class from which household help is usually drawn. They go into the factories in preference to entering on service in families, even when it is pointed out to them that the variety of employment, the board and lodging, and the protection of home life in the latter are so far in excess of anything which the former can offer that the scale tips heavily in favor of housework. The factory girl from her weekly wage must pay her board among strangers or its equivalent at home if she have parents, the maid in service is out of pocket only for her clothing, and her doctor's bills, and not invariably for these, since in some families a sort of uniform is provided, and in others, medical attendance, when occasionally necessary, goes into the general account of the family. There seems no good reason why a maidservant in the average well-to-do middle-class American family should not save a very decent sum of money from her weekly or monthly stipend, and have a sum in the savings bank as a dowry when she marries, or as a support for her old age.

Factory work is not particularly easy, it is to a degree monotonous, and it implies compulsory faring to and from work, in all weathers and under every vicissitude of health. But it has an undoubted charm for young women, partly because



"REFUGE." PAINTED BY PAUL LEROY

ciously, and keeps up undaunted the everlasting conflict with dust and dirt, must devote itself to the improvement of the external aspect of the municipality. First cleanliness, then ornament and elegance, if women are allowed to help in this peculiar sphere of feminine autocracy.

Scorn of parliamentary tactics is not so common in the Woman's Club as it used to be before we all sat meekly at the feet of some learned instructor, and took lessons in the

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Satisfy those who enjoy wholesome, delicious, well seasoned food. Made from the choicest meat stock that money can buy, in Libby's famous hygienic kitchens. Enough in each can to make 8 plates of soup. 10c. at your grocers.

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Booklet "How to Make Good Things to Eat" free

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worth of oil a month. It never smokes, smells or gets out of order, is lighted and extinguished as easily as gas, may be filled while lighted and, unlike Acetylene, kerosene and some other new methods, it is safe in any hands and under all conditions. Its unique feature

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keeps all the light falling directly downward and outward just where needed. Thousands are in use in houses, stores, offices, churches, halls, factories, etc., and during the past year we received over 1,000 letters of unqualified endorsement. You can go on fretting and stewing over your light if you want to, but it is much easier to ask for our catalogue C. C. showing all styles from \$1.50 up.

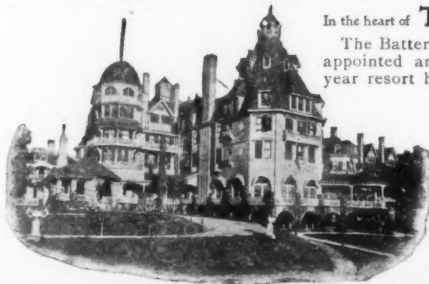
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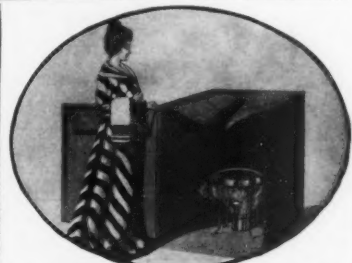
Don't Delay to Cure That COUGH WITH ALLEN'S Lung Balsam.

Is composed of the active principles of Roots and Plants, which are chemically extracted so as to retain all their medicinal qualities. Its action is expectorant, causing the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions, purifies the blood, heals the inflamed and irritated membrane,

gives tone to the digestive organs, and imparts strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough. It contains no opium. For sale by all druggists.

THREE SIZES.

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Package of Wafers and Cake of Soap Ten Cents. A package of Dr. Campbell's World Famous Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers and a cake of Fould's Medicated Arsenic Complexion Soap can be obtained for the small amount of Ten Cents, in silver or stamps. Send your ten cents to-day to **H. B. FOULD, Room 90, 214 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.**



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Cures Ailments

Peculiar to Women

TRIAL FREE. Quickly, Cheaply, Surely, even after everything else has failed.

No publicity, no medicine, NO INTERNAL SUPPORT, nothing objectionable. Makes weak women well. Makes all women graceful. Brings health, strength, comfort, graceful poise, upright carriage, perfect freedom for all exercise. A priceless boon to the feeble woman. A benefit to all women. **UNAVAILABLE TO THE PROSPECTIVE MOTHER.** Worn with any dress, with or without corset. Why suffer when health and comfort are so easily obtained? The following is one of more than 15,000 similar letters:

Kirkwood, Ill., July 14, 1899.
I had suffered 12 years from falling womb, constipation, backache, sleepless nights, headache, nervousness, and general weakness all over. Since wearing your Brace 6 months, I thank God and you that I have new life all through me; can do two days work in one; no more terrible backache—all gone; I sleep all night long; my nerves are wonderfully strengthened; my memory is better than it has been for years; in fact I feel as young as ever.

JULIA BRECKENMAKER.
Write for our free trial offer, information as to prices and illustrated book, all mailed free in plain sealed envelope. Address, **The Natural Body Brace Co., Box 540, Salina, Kansas.**



they are naturally gregarious and enjoy companionship, and partly because its hours are fixed, and if the clang of a bell summons the workers to their task, equally the clang of a bell releases them when labor is done for the day. Their evenings, their Sundays, and their legal holidays are their own, with none to interfere, none to challenge their right to late sleeping, or visiting a friend, or receiving any number of friends. On the other hand, the domestic servant, though not constantly busy every hour in the day, is every hour from dawn until bedtime, except on her afternoons out, at the beck and call of her employers; she cannot be sure that her work is done until she turns the key in her bedroom door; she cannot, as a rule, step out for a call or a walk without asking and obtaining permission, and she is frequently debarred from entertaining her acquaintances, in the house of her mistress, although to all purposes and intents this is her only home.

As the maid, in most instances, is young and unmarried, it is to be expected that she shall have social needs, and that the companionship of other young people of her own class shall be craved by her. She very properly enjoys the society of young men and anticipates finding in one of them her future husband. In her station this expectation is more openly discussed and more commonly taken for granted than in circles above her, where life is less simple, and it is a distinct disadvantage in her consideration that she can so seldom meet her admirers, or receive in her kitchen the one her fancy singles out as the one for special favor.

The employer naturally dislikes and objects to the tramping through her house of heavy-footed men, greasy, oily, or smelling of the stable, and boisterous laughter and loud voices issuing from the regions below stairs are most unpleasant in the library and drawing-room. Hence, there is a certain measure of reason for the intolerance of what we call company and the English call followers, in the American kitchen.

Meanwhile, the situation is distressing. The young house-mother is overworked, when for weeks together she can obtain only occasional help. To do one's own work from choice is very well; and there are thousands of women in our country who not only do it without discontent but from preference. To be compelled to undertake the endless chain of dish-washing, bed-making, sweeping, dusting, and cooking, without an one to lift a bit of the load, when the desire is to attend to other duties, is a distinct deprivation of pleasure. When money cannot buy help, the case is rather desperate.

Why should not every housekeeper so arrange her affairs that after the evening meal no call should ever be made for service upon the maid, and, with the understanding that she should be at home by a specified hour, why should not the maid have the evenings to go out or to stay in, as she may please? Recognizing her need of friends, why, too, should the employer not permit their coming, as they come to the daughters of the house, for evening calls, stipulating that manners and social usages shall be observed, even in the kitchen?

The situation bristles with embarrassments, but none of them is beyond arrangement, if keen-witted, clever-brained American women will undertake to untangle the hard knots.

THE OLD MUSICIAN

KEEN-EYED and steadfast and stern

The Master stands in his place,

Light of the soul in his face

As his baton sways at a turn

The hearts of the children of men.

The music is quick with life,

Passion and sorrow and pain,

Joy that was born to be slain,

Shrilling of bugles, and strife,

And peace at the edge of the sword.

Lo! the sullen wolf-growl of the storm,

Lo! the sweet of the zephyr-stirred flower,

And the bird-calls from nests in the bower,

And the wave plashing eager and warm

As it seeks the great breast of the sea.

These all in the music and more;

The whisper of love unto love,

Deep thrilling to deep, and above

That thrust of heart's joy at the core

Of our being, where mother holds babe.

The old player, watch him, intent,

Third row from the front is his seat,

His violin, stormy or sweet,

Is a thread in the symphony blent,

And he keeps his fast look on the score.

Youth left him, age found him, just there,

Or heaven, or earth, what to him,

Save the eye that the mist maketh dim,

And the skill, that is puissant as prayer,

As, night after night, he plays on.

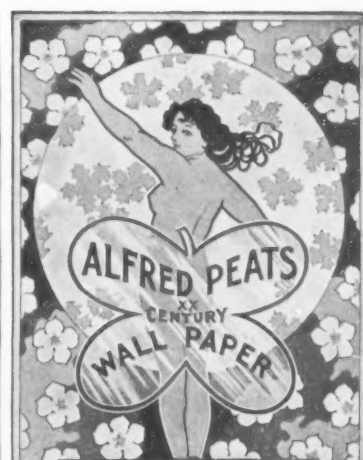
Night after night, in his place

And the Master in front, keeps the time.

A unit unknown, but sublime,

He plays, with inscrutable face,

Fourth seat, and third row from the front.



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THE HUMOROUS EDITOR'S EFFORT

THE CALLER handed the editor a bundle of manuscript.

"For your humorous column," he said. "My wife makes fun of my attempts at wit, but I think you will find this about as good as the stuff you usually print."

The editor took the manuscript and looked it over.

"H'mph!" he ejaculated. "Your wife makes fun of your efforts, does she?"

"Y—yes, sir, as a general thing."

"She hasn't seen this lot, has she?"

"No, sir."

The editor handed back the manuscript.

"Please ask her to 'make fun' of this. Then you may bring it back again. Good-day."

GROWTH OF AMERICAN CITIES

THERE were only seven cities in the United States that by the Federal census of 1890 had more than 400,000 inhabitants—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Boston and Baltimore, in the order named. Since the census of 1890, Brooklyn has been absorbed into Greater New York, the boundaries of Chicago have been enlarged, and the growth in population of other American cities has not been so uniform as to make it probable that each will retain the position it held in the census of ten years ago.

New York, which is now a city of 3,600,000, will, of course, remain at the head, and so far at the head that any serious thought of actual rivalry from any other city may be dismissed. Chicago has now a "claimed population" of 1,800,000, or 700,000 more than it had in the last Federal census, and one-half as large as the present population of New York.

Philadelphia, which long enjoyed distinction as the greatest city of the country territorially, has forfeited that position since the last United States census, New York having an area of more than 300 square miles, Chicago of 188, and Philadelphia of only 130. The position of fourth city on the list among American municipalities, formerly occupied by Brooklyn, cannot be fixed in advance of the official census in June. Two cities expect it, Baltimore and St. Louis. By the census of 1890 the population of St. Louis was 450,000 and of Baltimore 434,000. St. Louis is now claiming 623,000 and Baltimore 626,000.

Whatever may be the claims of rival cities as to fourth and fifth places, in the census of 1900, Boston is secure of sixth place, with a population of 550,000, the other important cities being San Francisco, with a claimed population of 350,000; Cincinnati, 400,000; Cleveland, 400,000; Buffalo, 400,000; Pittsburgh, 325,000; New Orleans, 300,000; Detroit, 250,000; Washington, 250,000; Milwaukee, 250,000; Newark, 250,000; Louisville, 225,000; St. Paul, 200,000; Denver, 160,000; Minneapolis, 200,000; Indianapolis, 200,000—or nearly that.

MADE HIM HOMESICK

A TRAMP went along a dusty road and sat down on the steps of a house in a quiet village street. Through the windows the voices of a man and a woman in violent altercation were heard, and the tramp listened intently.

Angry words, and occasionally the sound of something thrown, reached his ears, and he could hardly sit still.

At last, evidently, the wife had taken a broom, and the blows fell fast and furious.

The tramp could stand it no longer, but, rushing to the side door, he darted in, and, stepping between the pair, he cried, with a husky voice:

"Give us a clip or two with the broom, old woman; it seems just like old times!"

MYOPIA INDEED

BRIGGS: "I didn't know that you were near-sighted!"

GRIGGS: "Near-sighted! Why, I walked right up to one of my creditors yesterday."

A ROUGH RIDER'S YARN

EX-REPRESENTATIVE SPRINGER tells a tale to tax credulity. He says that a Creek Indian from Indian Territory, who was a member of the Rough Riders, re-enlisted in the regular army at the close of the Spanish war and was sent to the Philippine Islands. While campaigning with his regiment in the southern part of the archipelago he found a tribe of Malays whose dialect was almost the same as the aboriginal language of the Creek nation. He could understand them and they could understand him without difficulty, and he was able to act as interpreter for his officers with a tribe he had never heard of before.

THE JOYS OF ANTICIPATION

SAID Mrs. Gadabout, who had come to spend the day, to little Edith:

"Are you glad to see me again, Edith?"

"Yes, m'm, and mamma's glad too," replied the child.

"Is she?"

"Yes, m'm. She said she hoped you'd come to-day and have it over with."

Trustable



When You Ask for

Hunter Baltimore Rye

You may be sure to always find it what it is represented to be, viz.:

A Pure Whiskey Old, Smooth, Mellow

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Instruments, Drums, Uniforms & Supplies. Write for catalog, 445 illustrations. FREE! It gives Music and Instructions for New Bands. LYON & HEALY, 59 Adams St., CHICAGO.

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Burglar Alarm.

The BEST is a **Smith & Wesson** Revolver. Catalogue for a Stamp. SMITH & WESSON, 10 Stockbridge St., Springfield, Mass. 159 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

MONEY to patent good ideas may be secured by our aid. THE PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md.

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These Jugs are handsome specimens of the famous English Doulton Ware, and make a very attractive addition to the sideboard. They contain Dewar's Special Old Scotch Whisky, remarkable for Aroma, Purity, and the Mellowness which age alone can give, distilled from the finest malted barley procurable. Send for Catalogue No. 6.

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\$5.95 Im 17 JEWELLED

adjusted, patent regulator, stem wind and stem set, genuine **NATIONAL SPECIAL** 172,000. WARRANTED 20 YEARS. 14K gold plate hunting case, elegantly engraved. Fit for a king. No better watch made. Must be seen to be appreciated. Special offer for next 60 days, send your full name and address and we will send this watch C.O.D. with privilege to examine. If found satisfactory pay agent \$6.40 and express charges. A guarantee and beautiful chain and charm sent free with every watch. Write at once as this may not appear again. **NAT'L WFG. & IMPORTING CO., 294 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.**

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To one Lady or Girl in every town who will distribute 50 of our advertising cards. The watch is finely engraved and will last for a lifetime. The movement is of best American make, jeweled expansion, excellent time-keeper, warranted 5 years. Send us 10 cents to pay for postage, packing, etc., and we mail you at once the card and a set of 5 solid rolled gold Lady's Dress Beauty Pins, inlaid with fine Ruby and Turquoise stones, worth at least \$2.00. All we ask you to do is to distribute the cards among your friends and neighbors according to instructions. After your contribution with our conditions you will receive absolutely free the beautiful and valuable watch. We make this liberal offer only for a limited time to advertise our business and anyone is free to accept the same by promising to do as agreed. Send 10 cents, name & address to **KING HARVARD CO., Dept. P, 124 Washington St., Chicago**

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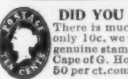


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can be enlarged 1 inch and strengthened 50 per cent. in one month by using the Hercules Graduated Gymnastic Club and Strength Tester 5 minutes each day. It will develop and strengthen the arms, chest, back and waist in less than one-half the time required by any other apparatus known. The busiest man may become strong and healthy by its use.

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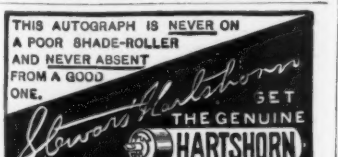
are hatched by incubators, and more of them than any can hatch. Why? Because our incubator never fails to keep the heat just right. Catalogue printed in 5 languages gives full descriptions, illustrations and prices, and much information for poultry raisers. Sent for 6 cents.

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THIS AUTOGRAPH IS NEVER ON A POOR SHADE-ROLLER AND NEVER ABSENT FROM A GOOD ONE.

Stowers Hartshorn SET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

THE OLD BOOKS

From "The Atlanta Constitution"

THEY are gray with the gray of ages Borrowed, and begged, and sold; Thumb-marked of saints and sages In the scholarly days of old. Rose leaves pressed for a lover Rest in their pages dim, Though silent centuries cover All that is left of him.

And I feel, in the library's shadows, With this ghostly company, The breath of forgotten meadows And the centuries over me! And when twilight bells are calling— When the day with its strifes is o'er— There are ghostly footsteps falling Faint on the library floor.

Singers, and saints, and sages— In the fame of a name we trust, But time will cover our pages, As even our tombs, with dust. For here, in the library's shadows, Where the famed and famous be, I roam in forgotten meadows, With the centuries over me!

ADVICE FROM PAPA

"YOU LOOK worried, my dear," said Smithers, when he came home from the office the other day. "What is the matter?"

"The children have been very tiresome today," replied Mrs. Smithers, wearily. "It seemed as if they would make me distracted."

"Don't let 'em!" said Smithers, with considerable energy. "Don't let 'em ride over you. Just—Willie, don't talk when papa's talking—just deal with them gently, but firm—did you hear me, Willie?—firmly, and you'll get along all—silence, Willie, this instant!—all right. As for letting 'em worry—don't pull my pockets, Dick—letting 'em worry—Dick! don't pull my pockets, I said—worry—will you take your hands out or not? Now keep them out. You've broken a couple of cigars for me now—you—what's Willie making such a noise about, Annie? Great Scott! He's got my silk hat. Take it—hang it up high. Now, Dick, if you cry, you'll have—now they've both commenced. It does seem, Annie, 'if the minute I come into the house—I can't think—I can't think. Won't you take 'em off to bed? My gracious! I bet if I was at home I'd—"

But, as the boys clattered away upstairs with their tired mamma, Smithers sat down and gazed gloomily into space, without saying just exactly what he would do if he was at home.

THE RULING PASSION

WIFE (who has been out shopping all day): "Oh, dear, how tired and hungry I am."

Husband: "Didn't you have any lunch in town?"

Wife: "A plate of soup only; I didn't feel that I could afford to have more."

Husband: "Did you find the hat you wanted?"

Wife: "Oh, yes; it is a perfect dream, John; and it only cost twenty-eight dollars."

HIS NAME WAS DENNIS

REPORTER: "The name of that man who was struck by lightning is Brzinslatowski."

Editor: "What was his name before he was struck by lightning?"

AUTHORS' TRIUMPHS

"BY THE WAY," said the author, "I would be delighted to give you a copy of my work, if you care for it."

"I should be more than pleased to have it," was the reply, "especially if you will write your name in it."

"All right. There's a book store just around the corner. If you will accompany me we will go there and get it. I don't happen to have a copy in my office just now."

After they had stopped to glance at some of the new things in the book store the author hailed a clerk, and, pushing his chest out very far, asked for the novel that he had written.

"Yes, sir," the clerk said. "We have it around here somewhere, I believe, but you are the first one who has ever asked for a copy, and it may take me some time to find it. Wouldn't something else do just as well? We have a great many better books at the same price."

A HOLLOW MOCKERY

TEACHER: "What is the meaning of the word excavate?"

Scholar: "To hollow out."

Teacher: "Give me a sentence in which the word is properly used."

Scholar: "The small boy always excavates when his father whacks him."

THOSE NEWSPAPER HINTS

FOREMAN: "We need a few lines to fill up a column."

Society Editor (wearily): "Well, say 'The Prince of Wales has begun wearing old clothes, because they are more comfortable.' Perhaps it will start a fashion that you and I can follow."

HAYNER'S PURE WHISKEY

DIRECT FROM DISTILLER TO CONSUMER.

4 FULL QUARTS

EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID,

For \$3.20

SAVES MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS, PREVENTS ADULTERATION.

SINCE 1866

Hayner's pure double copper distilled Rye Whiskey has been sold to consumers direct from our own distillery, known as "Hayner's Registered Distillery No. 2, Tenth District." No other distillers sell to consumers direct. Those who offer to sell you whiskey in this way are speculators who buy to sell again, by which plan they are compelled to add a profit which you can save by buying from us direct.

We will send four full quarts of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for \$3.20, express prepaid. We ship on approval in plain, sealed boxes, with no marks to indicate contents. When you receive it and test it, if it is not satisfactory return it at our expense and we will return your \$3.20.

Such whiskey as we offer you for \$3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than \$5.00, and the low price at which we offer it saves you the addition of middlemen's profits, besides you are guaranteed the certainty of pure whiskey absolutely free from adulteration.

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N. B.—Orders for Ariz., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts by freight prepaid.

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112 Piece DINNER SET.

DON'T SEND ANY MONEY

Simply send your name and address & we will ship you a 112 piece set of Ladies Beauty Plus (each set with an exquisite Jewel) to sell at 25c a set. When sold, send us the money and we will send you this handsome China Dinner Set, beautifully decorated and trimmed with Gold. Not a toy set, but full size for family use. No charge for packing and boxing. If you cannot sell all the sets we will send you a handsome present for those you do sell. Don't miss this liberal offer. We trust you will run all the risk. Write to-day.

The Maxwell Co. Dept. 77 St. Louis, Mo.

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WILL POWER NERVE FORCE STAMINA

Call It What You Will

Is the intangible power that controls human destiny. It is the key to all business and social success. If you come in contact with people, you cannot afford to be without this knowledge. It will give you an inestimable advantage over others. We guarantee it, or forfeit \$1,000 in gold.

By our new system you can learn in a few days at your own home. Our beautifully illustrated free treatise tells you all about it. Distinguished clergymen, physicians and public men all over the country are studying this wonderful science, and achieving increased success. Following are the names and addresses of a few highly successful graduates of our Institute—space does not permit mentioning more—

Rev. PAUL WELLES, box 290, Gorman, N. Y.; O. R. LINDSAY, No. 101 Crutcherfield Street, Dallas, Texas; Miss KATHARINE MCKENNA, No. 10 West Main Street, Corry, Pa.; Rev. J. C. QUINN, B.D., Ph.D., Wino, Mo.

We have thousands of letters of highest commendation, many of which are published in our free book. Do not miss this opportunity. Book is free. A postal card will bring it. Address

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE,
DEPT. A. 28 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

PILES

"I suffered the tortures of the damned with protruding piles brought on by constipation with which I was afflicted for twenty years. I ran across your CASCARETS in the town of Newell, Ia., and never found anything to equal them. To-day I am entirely free from piles and feel like a new man."

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CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grip. 25c, 50c.

CURE CONSTIPATION.

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 515

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

\$3 a Day Sure

Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once.

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 119, DETROIT, MICH.

LADIES

I Make Big Wages AT HOME

and will gladly tell you all about my work. It's very pleasant and will easily pay \$18 weekly. This is no deception. I want no money advance. I will send full particulars to all sending 2c. stamp. MRS. A. H. WIGGINS, Box 41 Benton Harbor, Mich.

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The Improved Elastic Truss is the only truss in existence that is worn with absolute comfort night and day, as it retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure without regard to the age of the patient. Will you, after these plain, truthful statements, continue to suffer and risk your life by wearing an old-style imperfect truss? Dare you go without a truss, knowing that you are daily growing worse and that within a short time you will be a physical wreck? Don't suffer any longer.

Those interested call or send for one of our catalogues free of charge.

IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS CO., 768 Broadway, New York City.
ESTABLISHED 17 YEARS.

Our Trusses are not sold by Agents or Druggists.

Trimble

"When you do drink,
Drink Trimble."

Green Label.

The Green Label Bottling is
10 years old.



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At all First-Class Dealers.
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,
Phila. and N. Y.
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SAVAGE MAGAZINE RIFLE

The Only
Hammerless
Smokeless
Six Shooter



The most reliable and safest rifle ever manufactured. Shoots
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for descriptive 1908 catalogue L.

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Utica, N. Y., U. S. A.

STAGE BEAUTIES—Stunning Pictures of Julia
Marlowe, Edna Hopper, Mrs. Langtry, Maude Adams, 30
others. Also E. H. Southern. All for the stamps or silver.
Broadway Illustrated Magazine, 1123 Broadway, N. Y.

ASTROLOGY DOES YOUR LIFE
As thousands testify, send date of birth and the stars prove
it yourself. L. Thomson, Kansas City, Mo.

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and GOLD-FILLED WATCHES.
Warranted 20 Years, ARE THE LOWEST.
Before you say it will not cost you a cent to examine
this great bargain. Watch and Chain, complete,
\$4.50. CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with
your name, post office and express office address
and we will send you a U. S. B. for examination.
This beautifully engraved 14K double hunting
case, gold plated, stem wind and stem set watch
fitted with a highly jeweled movement, guaranteed
a perfect timekeeper and equal in appearance
to any \$20.00 watch. A long gold plated
chain for ladies or vest chain for gents and our
20 year guarantee sent with each watch. After
examination if you are satisfied it is a great
bargain pay the express agent our special price
\$4.50 and express charge and 10¢ tax.
CHICAGO, ILL.
DIAMOND JEWELRY CO.,
Dept. A29, 225 Dearborn Street

LACE CURTAINS FREE.

Any one can earn this beautiful pair of latest pattern, white Lace Cur-
tains, with exquisite Floral Design, 36 inches wide, 8 yards long, by
selling only 10 sets of our Ladies Beauty pins (each pin set with an exquisite Jewel) at 25c. a
set. Simply send your name & address & promise to try to sell the pins, & when sold send us the
money, & we will send you a pair of these beautiful curtains for your trouble. We run all the
risk & will take back all the pins you cannot sell. This grand offer is good for 30 days only.
Write to-day. Don't put it off until it is too late. The Maxwell Co., Dept. 400, St. Louis, Mo.

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Cure.
Painless, Permanent.
We will send anyone addicted to Opium,
Morphine, Laudanum, or other drug
habit, trial treatment, free of charge,
of the most remarkable remedy ever discovered. Contains
Great Vital Principle heretofore unknown. Re-
fractory Cases cured. Confidential correspondence.
Invited from all, especially Physicians. ST. JAMES
SOCIETY, 287 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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prevents cakes from sticking and produces
a perfect cake. It is
made of best quality
tin with a flat, thin
knife, securely riveted
in center and at
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rable. Sample sent pre-
paid on receipt of 15c. Agents
send 6 cents postage for free sample. We are the
largest manufacturers of Pure Aluminum, Scotch
Granite and Tin Ware in the world. Address Dept. AN,
HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, 25 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

The Fear of Humbug

Prevents Many People From Try-
ing a Good Medicine.

Stomach troubles are so common and in most
cases so obstinate to cure that people are apt
to look with suspicion on any remedy claim-
ing to be a radical, permanent cure for dys-
pepsia and indigestion. Many such pride
themselves on their acuteness in never being
humbugged, especially in medicines.

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too far, so far, in fact, that many people suffer
for years with weak digestion rather than risk
a little time and money in faithfully testing the
claims made of a preparation so reliable and
universally used as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Now Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are vastly
different in one important respect from ordi-
nary proprietary medicines for the reason that
they are not a secret patent medicine, no secret
is made of their ingredients, but analysis shows
them to contain the natural digestive ferments,
pure aseptic pepsin, the digestive acids, Golden
Seal, bismuth, hydrastis and nux. They are
not cathartic, neither do they act powerfully
on any organ, but they cure indigestion on the
common sense plan of digesting the food eaten
thoroughly before it has time to ferment, sour
and cause the mischief. This is the only secret
of their success.

Cathartic pills never have and never can cure
indigestion and stomach troubles because they
act entirely on the bowels, whereas the whole
trouble is really in the stomach.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets taken after meals
digest the food. That is all there is to it. Food
not digested or half digested is poison as it cre-
ates gas, acidity, headaches, palpitation of the
heart, loss of flesh and appetite and many other
troubles which are often called by some other
name.

They are sold by druggists everywhere at 50
cents per package. Address F. A. Stuart Co.,
Marshall, Mich., for little book on stomach dis-
eases, sent free.

COLDOMETER in pocket case for
hunting minerals,
Gold and Silver; also rods and needles. Circular 2 cents.
B. G. STAUFFER, Dept. C.W., HARRISBURG, PA.

FIGHTING SNOW ON WESTERN RAILROADS

(SEE DOUBLE-PAGE)

OUT WEST, along such lines as the Union Pacific, the Canadian Pacific and others,
which have been built in some places along the sides of mountains two thousand
feet above the valley level or through cañons over which hang avalanches of snow
and ice, fighting snow is conducted in grim earnest. Out in the passes and foothills of the
Rockies and on the prairies of the Dakotas, railroad men know what a blizzard means and smile
when they hear of trains snowbound for a few hours in the East.

In recent years, winters have been more severe west of the Mississippi. The blizzards
sometimes blow for days at a time. The soft white flakes turn into particles half ice. As they
fall, they freeze together in masses so compactly that the pick must be used to loosen them.
Then a rain will come which forms surfaces of solid ice from three inches to a foot in thickness,
in some places to be followed by another snowstorm, thus making strata of alternate snow and
ice sometimes twenty feet on a level.

To clear a passageway through such a blockade, which sometimes extends five or six miles
on a stretch, is no child's play, and weeks before the beginning of winter the companies pre-
pare for it. All of the section gangs are supplied with plenty of picks and iron as well as
wooden shovels. All of the other appliances for fighting snow are put in readiness and a sharp
lookout kept on the weather.

As a last resort, the rotary plow is brought into action. It was a bright thought which
invented this machine, for without it many a line would be "tied up" for most of the winter.
In appearance it looks like a freight caboose with a big wheel fastened to the front. The
wheel, which is made of heavy steel blades, works very much as the screw of a steamship's
propeller in the water, except that instead of throwing the snow backward it throws it upward
through a square hole or funnel in the top, the sharp edges of the blades cutting into the drift,
while the sides lift the loose particles. As the big knife—for this is what it is—makes over
one hundred revolutions a minute, it has to be frozen "stone solid" that will stop it. The
rotary is equipped with an engine as powerful as the heaviest passenger locomotive, which is
connected directly with a big steel shaft, which, in turn, operates the cutter. The mechanism
is very much on the principle of a marine engine, such as is used in one of the transatlantic
liners. Some of the rotaries are propelled by their own steam, but the larger ones are usually
pushed by a series of the heaviest freight engines on the road. It is driven against the bank of
snow and ice at a speed ranging from six to ten miles an hour, according to the judgment of the
superintendent of operations; the harder the mass the slower the action. Before it strikes the
drift, the engineer of the rotary pulls his lever and sets the blades whirling at full speed. It
merely eats its way, throwing the obstruction to a distance of thirty or forty feet from the track.
At times the drift is so high that the clearing train merely makes a tunnel through it, the only
opening being where the ejector funnel has passed through the top.

Although twelve hundred horse-power may be pushing the rotary and one hundred horse-
power be operating the great wheel in front, some of the drifts encountered are so compact that
not more than five or six miles of track will be opened in a day. Where the road is built along
the side of a mountain, huge cakes, which contain ice and snow mixed with dirt and rock, will
fall on the track, covering from forty to fifty feet deep. Then man has to accomplish what
steam cannot, and a hole must be picked and cut through it, even dynamite being used to
remove the harder portions. Darkness causes no interruption to the work. Electricity or
some other form of illumination is used, for every hour of delay may mean the loss of tens of
thousands of dollars to the company, and the work goes right on until a despatch is received
at headquarters that the road is open and the trains waiting here and there at the different
stations can proceed.

The size of some of the drifts seems incredible. The man holding the stick, in one of the
illustrations included in the double-page, stood in a cut nineteen feet six inches deep when com-
pleted. At the time the photograph was taken the snow covered the rails to a depth of several
feet. This was a drift on the Colorado and Southern Railway, which had to be excavated
largely by shovelling. During some winters, drifts on the same line have been measured
which were within a few inches of the tops of the telegraph-poles, the wires running through
the snow. They were tapped by telegraph operators accompanying clearing trains, who stood
on the crust and connected their instruments with the wires. On the roads where the telegraph
offices may be some fifty to seventy-five miles apart, it is a custom frequently to take an operator
along in order to keep up communication with the dispatcher's office. A sort of office is cut by
the side of the track in the walls of snow and ice, the telegraph wire severed, and, adjusting
his sounder on a cake of ice, he reports the progress made in clearing the line and receives
orders from the superintendent or manager direct.

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON FIELD AND WATER



"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"



THE TRUTH OF
ICE YACHTING
"No game was ever worth a rap
For a rational man to play
Into which no accident, no mishap,
Could possibly find its way."

was never better demonstrated than by the entire abandon with which its devotees follow
the sport of ice yachting, and, like Alpine climbing, it takes but a taste of the sport to create
a desire for more, which not even the longest winter with the best ice and wind can fully
gratify. The recent accident at Red Bank will have its effect only upon those injured.

The principal dangers that menace the ice yacht and ice yachtsman are the cracks, the
snow hummocks, low reefs, and squalls, which may bring about, if the course is not clear,
collisions with other yachts. A breaking mast or rudder plank seldom results in anything
further than temporary disaster. It is easy enough for the layman to understand how snow
hummocks, rough ice and reefs prove disastrous and oftentimes dangerous. The ice crack
is perhaps the most treacherous of all, as it is seldom possible to be always sure that there
is not one of these chasms yawning for the unwary, and that the next moment the yacht may
not take a leap through spray of ice water, and, catching the runners under the edge of the
further ice, snap the yachtsmen with frightful force out, or, worse yet, pin them down,
seriously injured. Squalls are dangerous from the tendency to lift your windward runner, and
hence cause the rudder to lose its grip and put the boat outside the control of the yachtsman.

The principal courses in this country are at Lake Minnetonka, at Orange Lake, New York,
at Shrewsbury, and on the Hudson River. Of late it has been complained that the salt water,
backing up, honeycombs the ice on the Shrewsbury and the Hudson, and, of course, the
amount of room furnished on Lake Minnetonka enables yachts to get long enough stretches to
readily develop their full speed, a thing impossible on the river courses.

It is rather odd to note the change that comes over any sport from year to
year, but especially is this true in skating. The growth of ice hockey and the
tendency to skate for speed has brought it about that our young skater (and I
refer not to the special expert, but to the ordinary man who skates for pleasure and sport) has
all the hang of the body and arms which go with the speed skater. Go to any lake to-day, and
in place of seeing a majority of the good skaters cutting figure eights, grapevines, rolls, etc.,
one finds them playing hockey or skating at speed. The man who is doing any figure skating
is an exception, and, unless quietly and by himself, is bad form. As I heard it put when on one
of the lakes the other day, "Look at that man doing stunts! What do you suppose he wants to
do that for? Why doesn't he skate off?" Of course this comes from the rink habit in a great
measure, because in the confined spaces a man who does stunts is a nuisance, and gets in the
way of others. But there is no question that ice hockey and general rough-and-tumble skating
do not tend to promote grace to any exceptional extent.

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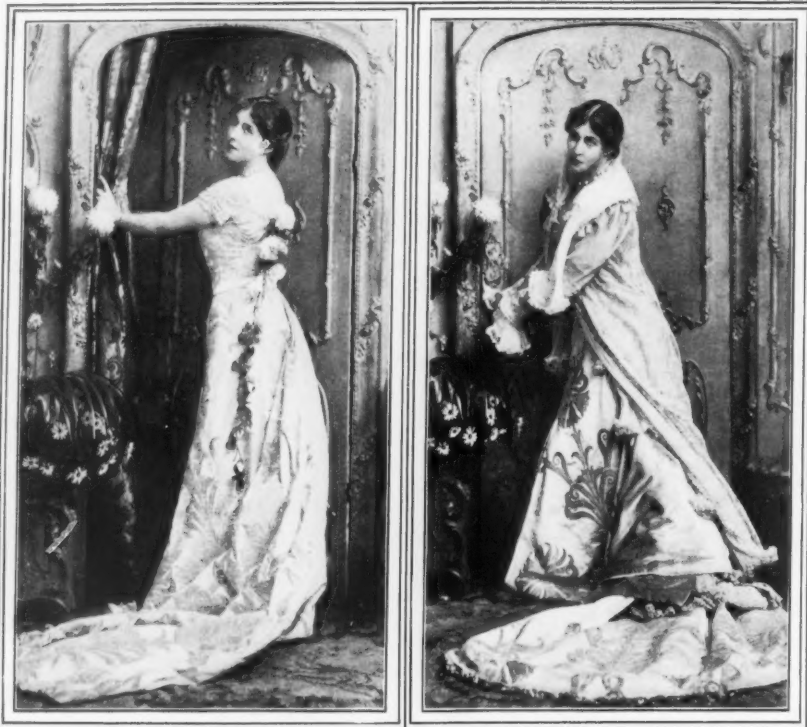
OUT IN THE OPEN

THE DRAMA—MRS. LANGTRY IN "THE DEGENERATES"

IT WAS a unique occasion—the first appearance in New York, after a long absence, of Mrs. Langtry. A large number of uncommonly well-dressed and sophisticated-looking people gathered at the Garden Theatre. They endured with patience the earlier acts of "The Degenerates," which, in spite of coming from so experienced a playwright as Sydney Grundy, were limp and tedious. When the shapely figure of a well-preserved, middle-aged woman, exquisitely fitted in a gown of brocade satin, ran rather awkwardly on the scene, they broke into civil but by no means enthusiastic applause. Then they coolly inspected Mrs. Langtry. Yes, she was still beautiful and, considering, she looked astonishingly young. The lines under the eyes could be detected, to be sure, but the flesh on the face was firm; the neck and shoulders, fearlessly displayed, were as lovely as they had ever been; the figure retained almost girlish outlines. Mrs. Langtry appeared at her best when she turned to admiration her profile. Then you could have sworn—but it's not nice to talk about a lady's age.

When interest in the appearance of the celebrity had been satisfied the next question was: Has she learned to act? It did not take very long to decide that, and the progress of the play confirmed the first impression. In addition to presence, Mrs. Langtry has some of the qualities that good actresses must possess; notably, a keen intelligence, a resonant if not a decidedly pleasant voice, that easily fills the theatre, and a clear enunciation. Nevertheless, she has not been able to develop out of the faltering manner of the amateur. The other night she kept reminding me of a singer who found it impossible to keep on the key. Everything she said was correctly said—that is, it conveyed the meaning; but, save for a few moments, when she succeeded in reaching an easy conversational tone and manner, her delivery seemed mechanical. Since beginning her career on the stage, Mrs. Langtry has been praised for her "grace"; well, if she ever had it, she has lost it. Throughout her performance, she kept doing awkward things, and she had no repose whatever. Again and again she fell into one most curious and ungainly attitude, standing in the centre of the stage with her knees bent forward. It is true, there were certain poses that she took that made a good effect, the studied poses that any actress can achieve; but where spontaneous movement had to be made, Mrs. Langtry nearly always made it badly. In her face, there was no expression whatever. Her pale-blue eyes have a curious loveliness, but they might be made of glass. Eyes are supposed to be the mirror of the soul, but Mrs. Langtry's eyes mirror nothing.

As for the play, it is by far the poorest Sydney Grundy has ever offered us, and, together with good, Grundy has done some pretty mediocre work. It had evidently been ground out to order and measured to fit the chief actress. It seems astonishing that Grundy should have been willing to sign his name to it. It is the thinnest example yet seen here of the new school of playwriting dealing with the smarter English society of the present day. It carries on its face convincing evidence of being grossly libellous. Capital has been made out of the resemblance of the plot to Mrs. Langtry's own career, and this resemblance is so marked that it must have been intentional. One can easily imagine the probable steps by which this precious specimen of the drama came to be written. Mrs. Langtry, eager to return to the stage, summons Mr. Grundy to her presence. "I want you to write an up-to-date comedy for me, my dear Mr. Grundy, something that will exploit me to advantage and to create a bit of a sensation. Now, I know perfectly well that I'm 'getting on' and I must have a piece that people will talk about. What do you think of exploiting my own career? There's good material right at your hand. Don't think of my feelings, dear sir. I got over being sensitive a great many years ago. Now, here's the idea. Take a beautiful woman with a tiresome husband and a fondness for flirtation, a woman all heart, you know, all impulse. She's divorced from her husband and she—well, she acts on impulses. She has a daughter, whom she keeps out of sight in order to avoid being reminded that she's growing old. Isn't that clever? I'll fling the idea of age into their faces, you see. I'll show them I can laugh at it. Well, then, the daughter, grown up, returns home, touches the mother's heart, fills it with love and pride and makes her want to be a good woman. So she throws over the wicked lord whom she has been flirting with, sends back to him his foolish and resentful wife whose jealousy has come near being her ruin, and finally marries the good man, the only man she has ever really loved."



MRS. LANGTRY IN "THE DEGENERATES"

Just how much of this natural and moving and highly moral story is actually Mrs. Langtry's own story may be left to the reader's discernment. The references which it plainly makes to her daughter may shock certain old-fashioned minds. It is only fair to say, however, that in the drama this daughter is the only really wholesome figure. On the skeleton of the plot, Mr. Grundy has built a work that may best be compared to a sanitarium, frequented by men and women of diseased morals. They talk the most stupid chatter, they give forth impressively epigrams that any schoolgirl might invent by the hour, and they do practically nothing. Surely "smart" and profligate London society cannot be so dull as that. The only dramatic situations occur in the third act, where the quixotic Mrs. Trevelyan saves the desperate wife of her lover from disgrace, and allows the odium of being discovered in a bachelor's rooms late at night to fall on herself. These situations, however, carried no impressiveness; on the contrary, where they were not merely uninteresting, they came very near being ridiculous.

Mrs. Langtry has brought from London a small company, only three members of which deserve special notice. These are the leading man, Mr. Frederick Kerr, who acted with fine ease and distinction the part of the blasé Duke who, in spite of his apparent sanity, marries Mrs. Trevelyan in the last act; Miss Lucie Milner, who played the daughter very prettily; and Mr. Lawrence Grossmith, who gave an excellent impersonation of a drunken and dissolute young man with a fondness for sprawling over furniture. A suggestive incident on the first night was the immense success won by Miss Milner in the scene of the meeting between mother and daughter. The audience, bored by the degenerates and disgusted, listened to the girl's simple talk with delight, and, ignoring Mrs. Langtry, who stood helpless in the centre of the stage waiting to close the act, applauded rapturously. It must have been a very bad moment for Mrs. Langtry; but I should not be surprised if it were to make Miss Milner's fortune.

Of course, "The Degenerates" is going to have a great success in this country. From city to city Mrs. Langtry will pursue her way, received by smart audiences and making another fortune. She is a great woman of business. She probably knows that she can't act, and it must amuse her to think of the skill with which she makes a great art serve her purely selfish purpose. She has learned the art of self-exploitation at a time when to be advertised is to ride on the top of the wave of prosperity. Only a woman of extraordinary nerve would have dared to come here and foist on our public such a work as "The Degenerates." Her sense of humor must be really delightful. It probably explains why she keeps her good looks.

The fourth week of the opera opened with a new production of an old and a rarely revived opera, "Don Pasquale." When Donizetti wrote it, more than half a century ago, the Italian florid style of music was having its most brilliant day. Wagner had not as yet completely upset the old traditions. There is a good deal to be said in favor of this music, but the fact re-

mains that the new style is spoiling the public taste for it. Now and then, however, a singer appears whose voice is peculiarly suited to it, and then these operas are revived, not for the sake of the operas, mind you, but for the interpreter, the voice. We now have two pre-eminently great singers of this kind, born out of their time, Melba and Sembrich. It was to please Madame Sembrich, it is said, that Manager Grau decided to revive "Don Pasquale." To make sure of a large audience, however, he associated with the revival the first representation of the "Cavalleria Rusticana" of this season, with Madame Calvé as Santuzza. So we cannot estimate how many people attended the performance to hear Sembrich interpret Donizetti. It proved to be an astonishingly fine performance, and the melodious music, after the heroic works that had preceded, seemed like a delicious refreshment. It is safe to say that, as Norina, Madame Sembrich has never been in better form. She looked beautiful, she entered with zest into the fun of the opera, acting with a most stimulating abandon, and she sang her trills as if she had never done anything else in her life and as if singing trills were the greatest fun in the world. After Madame Sembrich, the greatest success was won by Signor Pini-Corsi, who showed again that he is one of the greatest comic actors on the stage, and, besides, that he has a first-rate baritone voice. Scotti and Salignac added distinction to the cast. In the "Cavalleria Rusticana" Madame Calvé proved that her voice was at its best and she acted with an intensity and a reserve that made her performance deeply impressive.

On Wednesday evening the eleven performance of "The Prophet" achieved a great personal triumph for Madame Schumann-Heink in the difficult part of Fides. This character has been magnificently portrayed in New York in recent years, but Madame Schumann-Heink need fear no comparison with her predecessors. She is one of those rare artists who seem to be superabundantly gifted with all the qualities needed in her work. She sings as if it were a relief to sing, and she acts with a splendid fervor. She always gives the impression of having a singularly opulent temperament. It was quite touching to see how, in spite of the difficulty of her own tasks, she watched and encouraged Miss Suzanne Adams, who sang Bertha. Miss Adams, in spite of her experience of five years, is still a good deal of a novice. The more one hears her voice the more beautiful it seems. It has a very rare sweetness and color and it gives promise of considerable development. Miss Adams was not equal to the more strenuous demands of her part, but, on the whole, she sang and acted with a most lovely effect. Alvarez could not make the figure of the Prophet as impressive or as magnetic as Jean de Reszke has done in recent seasons, but he sang with electrical effect and roused the audience to enthusiasm. Perhaps if we could forget Jean de Reszke for a time we should appreciate Alvarez more justly. It seems hardly necessary to say that Edouard de Reszke, as one of the sombre Anabaptists, and Plançon, as Oberthal, did their work with characteristic skill.

The performance of "Tannhäuser" on Friday night, in spite of annoying perversities in the reading of the score by Mr. Paur, the conductor, had many notably fine qualities. The Venus of Madame Nordica was already familiar enough, and it was never portrayed by this great artist with a more sensuous quality of voice or with greater variety of expression. In appearance, too, Madame Nordica perfectly fulfilled the requirements. Perhaps a great painter could do justice to the rare personal beauty that she lends to this character; no photographs can possibly reproduce it. The Tannhäuser of Mr. Van Dyck explained more clearly than anything he has done this season why he is considered abroad the greatest living Wagnerian tenor. His voice was at its best the other night, but even at its best it cannot be called a voice of altogether pleasant quality. It is distinctly throaty, and it conveys to the listener the sense of effort in production. Nevertheless, as an interpreter of Wagnerian heroes, voice-quality apart, he has no superior. After all, in the case of a Wagnerian tenor, of any Wagnerian singer, voice is not everything; it is, in fact, only one of many factors. Inspired by Madame Nordica's Venus, Mr. Van Dyck made a profound impression in his first act, and his fine work was sustained throughout the opera. The Elizabeth of Madame Gadski, thrilling as it was, both vocally and histrionically, differed from the impersonations of her two associates, in being out of harmony with Wagner's purpose. Madame Gadski made Elizabeth heroic, instead of gentle, tender, supplicating. Nevertheless, in its way, it was a powerful interpretation.

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JOHN A. McCALL,

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BALANCE SHEET, JANUARY 1, 1900.

ASSETS.

United States, State, City, County and other Bonds (cost value \$138,312,584), market value, December 31, 1899.....	\$144,528,785
Bonds and Mortgages (715 first liens).....	36,297,517
Real Estate (72 pieces, including twelve office buildings).....	17,082,000
Loans to Policy-holders on their policies as security (legal value thereof, \$18,000,000).....	11,557,714
Deposits in Trust Companies and Banks, at interest.....	10,050,049
Stocks of Banks, Trust Companies, &c. (\$3,556,232 cost value), market value, December 31, 1899.....	5,955,500
Loans on Stocks and Bonds (market value, \$4,177,523).....	3,278,450
Quarterly and Semi-Annual Premiums not yet due, reserve charged in Liabilities.....	2,254,390
Premiums in transit, reserve charged in Liabilities.....	2,206,423
Premium Notes on policies in force (Legal Reserve to secure same, \$3,400,000).....	1,850,404
Interests and Rents due and accrued.....	1,389,116

TOTAL ASSETS \$236,450,348

LIABILITIES.

Policy Reserve (per certificate of New York Insurance Department), December 31, 1899.....	\$192,024,281
All other Liabilities: Policy Claims, Annuities, Endowments, &c., awaiting presentment for payment.....	2,990,583
Additional Policy Reserve voluntarily set aside by the Company	3,507,699
Accumulated Surplus Funds, voluntarily reserved and set aside by the Company to provide Dividends payable to policy-holders during 1900, and in subsequent years:—	
First.—(Payable to Policy-holders in 1900):—	
To holders of Accumulation Policies, the period of which matures in 1900.....	\$2,178,107
To holders of Annual Dividend Policies.....	594,194
To holders of 5-Year Dividend Policies.....	125,384
Total in 1900.....	\$2,897,685
Second.—(Payable to Policy-holders, subsequent to 1900, as the periods mature):—	
To holders of 20-Year Period Policies.....	\$17,583,264
To holders of 15-Year Period Policies.....	7,523,811
To holders of 10-Year Period Policies.....	577,637
To holders of 5-Year Dividend Policies.....	279,965
Aggregate.....	\$28,862,362
Other Funds for all other contingencies.....	9,065,423

TOTAL LIABILITIES \$236,450,348

CASH INCOME, 1899.

New Premiums (Annuities, \$1,517,928).....	\$10,356,887
Renewal Premiums.....	31,781,615
TOTAL PREMIUMS.....	\$42,138,502
Interest on:	
Bonds.....	\$6,121,503
Mortgages.....	1,862,836
Loans to Policy-holders, secured by reserves on policies.....	736,406
Other Securities.....	376,725
Rents received.....	890,805
Dividends on Stocks.....	244,486
TOTAL INTEREST, RENTS, &c.....	\$10,232,761
TOTAL INCOME.....	\$52,371,263

EXPENDITURES, 1899.

Paid for Losses, Endowments and Annuities.....	\$16,022,760
Paid for Dividends and Surrender Values.....	6,184,209
Commissions and all other payments to agents (\$4,628,069) on New Business of \$202,309,080; Medical Examiners' Fees, and Inspection of Risks (\$527,799).....	5,155,866
Home and Branch Office Expenses, Taxes, Advertising, Equipment Account, Telegraph, Postage, Commissions on \$859,562,905 of Old Business, and Miscellaneous Expenditures.....	5,382,527
Balance—Excess of Income over Expenditures for year.....	19,625,893
TOTAL EXPENDITURES AND BALANCE.....	\$52,371,263

INSURANCE ACCOUNT,

ON THE BASIS OF PAID-FOR BUSINESS ONLY.

	NUMBER OF POLICIES.	AMOUNT.
In Force, December 31, 1898.....	373,934	\$944,021,120
New Insurance Paid for, 1899.....	99,357	202,309,080
Old Insurances revived and increased, 1899.....	1,116	2,873,077
TOTAL PAID-FOR BUSINESS, 474,407.....		\$1,149,203,277
DEDUCT TERMINATIONS:		
By Death, Maturity, Surrender, Expiry, &c.,.....	36,631	\$87,331,292
PAID-FOR BUSINESS IN FORCE		
December 31, 1899.....	437,776	\$1,061,871,985
Gain in 1899.....	63,842	\$117,850,865

COMPARISON FOR EIGHT YEARS.

(1891—1899.)

	Dec. 31, 1891.	Dec. 31, 1899.	Gain in Eight Years.
Assets.....	\$125,947,290	\$236,450,348	\$110,503,058
Income.....	31,854,194	52,371,263	20,517,069
Dividends of Year to Policy-holders.....	1,260,340	2,768,748	1,508,408
Total Payments of Year to Policy-holders.....	12,671,491	22,206,977	9,535,486
Number of Policies in Force.....	182,803	437,776	254,973
Insurance in Force, Premiums paid.....	\$575,689,649	\$1,061,871,985	\$486,182,336

Certificate of Superintendent of State of New York Insurance Department.

I, LOUIS F. PAYN, Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York, do hereby certify that the NEW-YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of the City of New York, in the State of New York, A MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY having no capital stock, is duly authorized to transact the business of Life Insurance in this State.

I FURTHER CERTIFY that, in accordance with the provisions of Section Eighty-four of the Insurance Law of the State of New York, I have caused the policy obligations of the said Company, outstanding on the 31st day of December, 1899, to be valued as per the Combined Experience Table of Mortality, at four per cent. interest, and I certify the same to be \$192,024,281.

I FURTHER CERTIFY that the admitted Assets are

\$236,450,348.

The general Liabilities \$2,990,583. The Net Policy Reserve, as calculated by this department, \$192,024,281, making the Total Liabilities per State Laws,

\$195,014,864.

The additional Policy Reserve voluntarily set aside by the Company,

\$3,507,699.

The Accumulated Surplus Funds voluntarily reserved and set aside by the Company to provide dividends payable to policy-holders in 1900, and in subsequent years,

\$28,862,362.

Other funds for all other contingencies,

\$9,065,422.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name and caused my official seal to be affixed at the City of Albany, the day and year first above written.

LOUIS F. PAYN, Superintendent of Insurance.



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